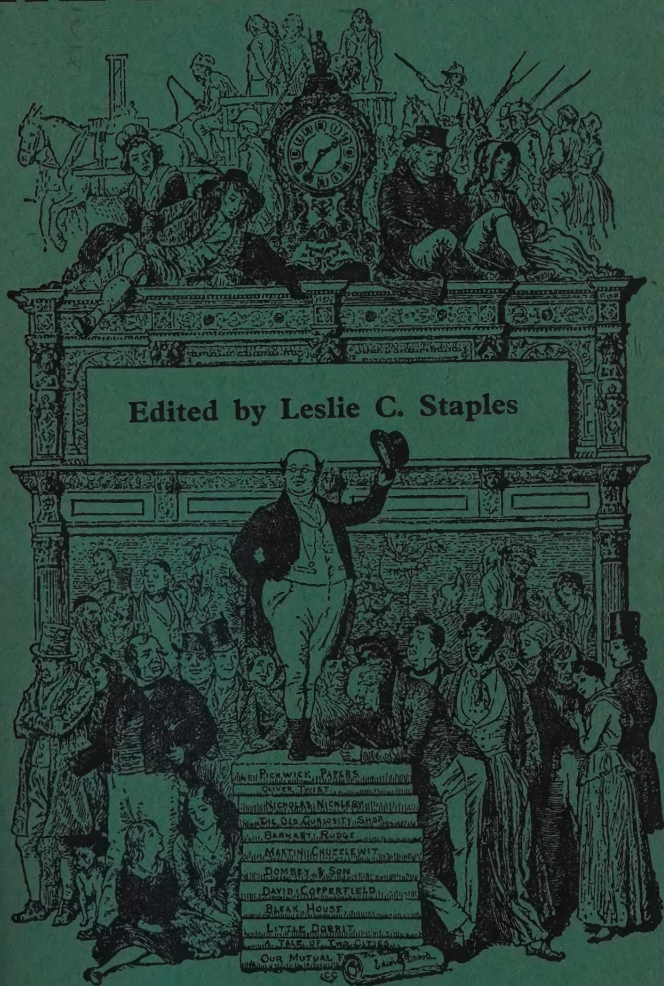


THE DICKENSIAN



Edited by Leslie C. Staples

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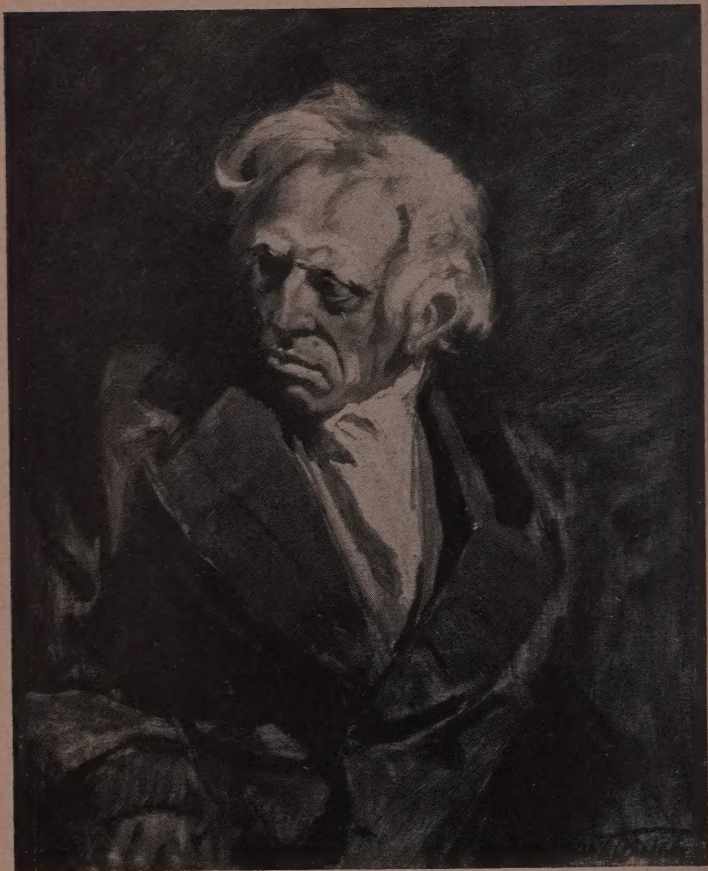
GUINNESS WAS GOOD FOR THEM

THAT "PHIZ" should have drawn Sam Weller writing his Valentine in front of a Guinness placard shows how much a part of the background of life Guinness had become by 1837.

Guinness had probably reached England towards the end of the 18th century, when it had already been brewed in Dublin for nearly forty years. It had quickly become at home in every level of society, and as much a part of everyday life then as it is for us.

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU





HORACE SEQUEIRA

AS

SCROOGE

from the original painting by

FRANK O. SALISBURY

C.V.O., LL.D., R.I., R.P.S.

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THE DICKENSIAN

WINTER NUMBER

VOL. L.

DECEMBER 1953

No. 309

50TH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

THE present number of *The Dickensian* is the first of the Fiftieth Volume, the celebrations on the completion of which, next winter, we eagerly anticipate. We believe it to be a fact that *The Dickensian* is unique among the literary journals of the world in that, dealing exclusively with the life and work of one man, it has flourished for half a century. Opportunities will be found to acknowledge the debts owed by the Fellowship to those responsible for this remarkable achievement. But the path has not always been an easy one, and we are within reach of our Jubilee only by reason of the devotion and self-sacrifice of those who founded it and have since maintained it, and to those who, during fifty years, have given ungrudgingly of their skill to fill its pages. The past we may look back to with satisfaction. What of the future? There is no doubt that willing hands will not be lacking to continue the task, and we have ample evidence that the stream of contributions from gifted writers, professional and amateur, in all quarters of the English-speaking world, will continue unabated. Modern economic conditions, however, make the task ever more difficult, in spite of the fact that all labour is given voluntarily, with the exception of printing, while publishing costs are kept to a minimum. The future can only properly be secured by a larger circulation, and for this we appeal to our readers, both within and without the Dickens Fellowship. If you value the work that is put before you quarterly, will you not endeavour to interest one or more new subscribers? To those responsible for the conduct of branches of the Dickens Fellowship, we ask for further thoughtful consideration of the value of its magazine, both to its members and as the ambassador of our aims and objects in the public and private libraries of the world. Only when that is recognised and acted upon, will the future of *The Dickensian* cease to be in jeopardy.

WHEN FOUND—

The Letters

The new edition of Dickens's Letters, under the editorship of Humphry House, has now been in preparation for over four years, and a further highly interesting "Progress Report" has recently been privately circulated. It is anticipated that the work will include nearly 10,000 letters, which will probably appear in six volumes. The three volumes of the Nonesuch Edition contain 5,163 letters or extracts, but many of the former thought to be complete, are in fact not so. The new edition will be as complete as research can make it. Publication may not be expected for more than another two years, at least.

A Grand-daughter

We regret to record the death of Miss Cecil Mar Dickens on October 16th at Croft-by-Combe. Miss Dickens, who was 82, was the sixth daughter of Charles Dickens the younger.

* * * * *

Japanese erudition

The Growth and System of the Language of Dickens the title of a book that has recently reached us does not suggest oriental authorship. Yet the author is Tadao Yamamoto, Litt.D., and the book is published by the Kansai University Press, Japan. Running into six hundred pages, it deals exhaustively with the language, extending to the colloquial and to slang, employed by Dickens. Indeed an astonishing work coming from a milieu so alien to its subject.

* * * * *

Curious play

Quite a different kind of work is *Widow of Charles Dickens*, a play in one act by Norman Holland published by Samuel French. This extraordinary farrago invents a meeting at Gad's Hill Place on the day after Dickens's death, between Catherine Dickens, Georgina Hogarth, Katie, and Ellen Ternan! The author frankly admits in a note that no such meeting took place, to which we would add that he appears to be singularly innocent of the ascertainable character of three of those ladies. One is left wondering for whom the play is designed. To students of Dickens it is worthless, and it is difficult to see what attraction it is likely to have for amateur actors, who form the majority of Messrs. French's patrons.

* * * * *

At Lewisham

Once again Lee Manor Secondary School, the wonderful school for physically-handicapped boys at Lewisham, went to Dickens for their annual school play this year, which was *Dombey and Son*. As on a former occasion, reported in *The Dickensian*, 1948, p. 116, the boys themselves undertook every phase of the production, and the exhibition that was held on the nights of the performances demonstrated the manner in which nearly all of them had some share in the scheme. Owing to the kindness of the Headmaster, Mr. E. F. Jefferson, we have had an opportunity to read a selection of the essays written by the boys describing their participation and delight in the annual gala.

* * * * *

Bury St. Edmunds

The annual pilgrimage of the Fellowship this year followed in the wake of Mr. Pickwick and visited Bury St. Edmunds. A good run in excellent weather was accomplished, and the inner man was well catered for by the Angel Hotel itself. The historic monuments of the town were explained by Mr. H. J. M. Maltby, Curator of the Moyse's Hall Museum. Perhaps the high-light of the day was the visit to Westgate House, the scene of Mr. Pickwick's nocturnal adventure. The present owners, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Land, warmly welcomed the party, which was delighted to see how Mr. Pickwick's memory is cherished, even to the continued cultivation of gooseberry bushes under the wall. A return was made via Chigwell, where the Maypole Inn of *Barnaby Rudge* was visited.

LESLIE C. STAPLES

THE PRESIDENT AT GRAY'S INN

THE Hall of Gray's Inn, now miraculously restored after its severe damage, indeed almost complete destruction in the war, provided the perfect setting in which the Fellowship received their new President, the Rt. Hon. Lord Jowitt, on October 15th, and the Fellowship's thanks are due to the Hon. Society of Gray's Inn for the great privilege of allowing it to meet in this historic building.

The shadowy form of the Hall against the night sky, its stained glass windows so comfortably lit from within, was most impressive. As members approached it, and no less impressive was the beautiful interior.

Lord Jowitt, introduced by Mr. H. C. Dickens, Life President, said:

More and more books are being written about Charles Dickens. Thanks to the application of ultra-violet rays, more facts have been divulged about Dickens the man.

I am reminded of Belloc's aphorism:

"When I am dead, I hope it may be said, 'His sins were scarlet, but his books were read.'"

Certainly it is the fact and I rejoice that it should be so—that Dickens is being read as much as ever before.

As to the man himself, if happiness in some future state is to be given to those who have deserved it by their earthly life, we need not trouble for the fate of Dickens.

I know of no one who contributed more to the welfare and happiness of those who needed help. I know of no one who battled more vigorously to redress abuses. I know of no one who gave more generously of his own vitality and his own enthusiasm to support and sustain great causes.

Those same qualities of vitality and enthusiasm account, do they not, for the fact that his books still live to-day?

I can remember—or I think I can remember—a time when the "highbrows" spoke of his works with some disparagement. He was compared, not to his advantage, with some of his great contemporaries; but all that has now changed.

Of course, his characters don't sit under some shady tree and discourse interminably about transcendental matters and do nothing much else.

It must indeed have been hard for some of the ultra moderns to admit his books, peopled as they are with characters of flesh and blood, with their plots and their counter-plots, into the inner sanctum of fame.

Yet, by common consent, that is where we can look for them to-day.

I hope that many of you will have a chance of reading the recent biography by Edgar Johnson. We need not agree with all Mr. Johnson's conclusions, or accept all the delineations of character which he draws, to realise that this is a most important contribution to our understanding of the man and his works.

Dickens himself, as Mr. Johnson says in his preface, was a Dickens character. His spirit dwelt in the world of his novels.

He laughed at himself, and he laughed at his friends, as he laughed at some of his characters. He felt the joys and sorrows of his characters as deeply as he felt those of himself and his friends.

He was a supreme artist, and an artist, I suppose, differs from other people in that he feels his experiences more deeply. What a profound impression his time with Warren's Blacking and his experience in the Marshalsea had upon him. What a lesson he drew from his father's failings.

I must admit that his opinion of the law and of Parliament was not quite as favourable as I could wish, but after all, he saw it largely from the point of view of the press, and in my opinion and in my experience journalists are not unduly enthusiastic about the exploits either of lawyers or of politicians, or even of those rare creatures who combine both these activities.

Yet everyone interested in law reform would have to admit that Dickens cleared the ground for him, and the social reformers too would regard him as their most powerful ally.

No one, I suppose, has ever existed who knew London, and who knew Londoners, better. His power of imagination was such that he could see tragedy and romance in the most unlikely places.

The achievement of writing: *Sketches by Boz*, *Pickwick Papers*, *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Barnaby Rudge* before reaching the age of 30 is sufficient testimony to his genius.

This outpouring was from a man whose education in the orthodox sense of schooling had been interrupted when he was only 9 and was finished when he was just 15.

You hear it said that he was self-educated. Is not everyone self-educated? Schools, colleges and the like can provide no more than opportunities of learning. His school was life itself; his university was the world.

Wisdom was tempered by suffering. Hardship could not dim his genius. His wretched poverty in his early struggle did not embitter him, nor—and this is perhaps more remarkable—did his early success lessen his compassion.

His vitality, his sense of humour, his determination to help his fellowmen, would bob up like a cork in the roughest sea.

We are surely right to keep our candle burning before his shrine, to recognise what he did for his own age and generation, and to realise what he is doing for ours. When we think on these things we shall, I think, be unmoved by what Mr. Johnson has called "sniggering scandal or peephole gossip." Of course, he was human; he was intensely human, was not that humanity the secret of his kindness and his sympathy?

I pay this tiny tribute of my own to his genius with the thought that there is no one to whom I would rather pay it. I pay it to the artist and I pay it to the man.

* * * * *

Following the President's tribute, Mr. W. A. Macgregor gave a paper on "The Beginnings of Dickens."

A COMPANION OF THE COPPERFIELD DAYS

By WILLIAM J. CARLTON

ON August 10th, 1857, Charles Dickens inscribed a set of his books "To James E. Roney, my old friend and companion in some of the Copperfield days (when Dora was beautiful), with my faithful regard." Before his first meeting with John Forster young Dickens made many friends whose names were passed over

in silence by his biographer, and neither Forster nor any subsequent writer on this formative period of the novelist's career tells us anything about James E. Roney. A hitherto unpublished letter which has recently come to light, however, reveals that this old friend and companion was not only one of Dickens's early admirers but that he shared lodgings with him in Buckingham Street, Strand, long before the name of Charles Dickens became one to conjure with.

"My dear Roney," wrote Dickens from Tavistock House on September 23rd, 1856, "I am delighted to get your letter,

and shall be more than delighted to see you. I am unfortunately obliged to dine out tomorrow, but am quite free, both for Thursday and Friday. Tell me on which day you will dine with me at 6 o'clock, and I will have nobody else at the family table. Lord! To think of a Colonial Chief Justice! And it was but the day before yesterday that we gave our first dinner at the mansion of Mrs. Rogers in Buckingham Street, Adelphi. I bought the soup myself (it was hard, and looked like a bit of a mantel-piece), and you provided some inheritance of family tea-spoons for the decoration of the festival. Ever cordially yours, Charles Dickens."

It will be recalled that David Copperfield, recording his house-warming party in Buckingham Street, remembered "observing a hard mottled substance in the window of a ham and beef shop,



15 Buckingham Street, Strand

(last house on the right, demolished c. 1906)

Dickens House Collection.

which resembled marble, but was labelled 'Mock Turtle,' I went in and bought a slab of it, which I have since seen reason to believe would have sufficed for fifteen people. This preparation, Mrs. Crupp, after some difficulty, consented to warm up; it shrunk so much in a liquid state, that we found it what Steerforth called 'rather a tight fit' for four."

Buckingham Street, in the Adelphi just off the Strand, where David Copperfield rented "a singularly desirable and compact set of chambers, furnished, with a view of the river, forming a genteel residence for a young gentleman, a member of one of the Inns of Court, or otherwise," is known to have been at one time the home of Dickens himself. Copperfield's chambers were at the top of the house and consisted of "a little half-blind entry where you could see hardly anything, a little stone-blind pantry where you could see nothing at all, a sitting-room, and a bedroom." The furniture David described as "rather faded, but quite good enough for me; and, sure enough, the river was outside the windows." Dickens's eldest son had no doubt that his father had lived in Copperfield's rooms, and thought that he must have kept house on the top floor of No. 15 on the east side, "the house which displays a tablet commemorating its one-time tenancy by Peter the Great."¹

The old rate-books show that No. 15 Buckingham Street was empty from 1832 to 1836, so that if Dickens was there his tenancy must have been before 1832, when the house was rated floor by floor, the rates for the top floor being paid by one William Minier. No. 15 was about half-way down the street, but after 1865 or thereabouts it became the end house on the east side. Nos. 15 and 16 were demolished and rebuilt as one house in 1906. As late as 1864, when another old friend, Thomas Beard, was in search of chambers, Dickens suggested his looking for them in Buckingham Street, Adelphi, and added: "There are a good many in that street (I lived in it once), and I should say not dear."²

Some additional evidence bearing on the date when Dickens and Roney were together in Buckingham Street is furnished by another letter, written by the novelist to the Hon. Mrs. Richard Watson on October 7th, 1856, just two weeks after the date of the one to James Roney already quoted. "Within this fortnight," he told her, "there turned up from the West Indies, where he is now a chief justice, an old friend of mine, of my own age, who lived with me in lodgings in the Adelphi when I was just Charley's age. He had a great affection for me at that time, and always supposed I was to do some sort of wonders. It was a very pleasant meeting indeed, and he seemed to think it so odd that I shouldn't be Charley!"³ In October, 1856, the novelist's eldest son Charley was within three months of his twentieth birthday, so that unless his recollection was at fault Dickens must have lodged with Roney in Buckingham Street about November, 1831.

Who, then, was this old friend and companion of Dickens's youth? James Edward Roney was the second son of Cusack

¹ *Pall Mall Magazine*, July, 1896, p. 350.

² *Letters of Charles Dickens* (Nonesuch Dickens), ed. W. Dexter, 1938, III, 377.

³ *Letters* (Nonesuch Dickens), II, 804.

oney, M.D. (1782-1849), of Temple Hill, Dublin, and grandson Patrick Cusack Roney (1753-1822), a well-known Dublin surgeon as his father had been before him. Whilst sharing Dickens's lodgings in the Adelphi, James Roney was doubtless reading for the Bar. He was admitted a student of the Middle Temple on April 16th, 1833,¹ and although no record has been found in any of the London Inns of Court of his having been called to the Bar, he was practising as a barrister five years later. In May, 1835, he seems to have been one of Dickens's colleagues on the *Morning Chronicle*,² and represented that newspaper in Spain during the campaign of the British Legion against the Carlists, which began in the autumn of 1835 and ended in June 1837. He was next heard of in Demerara, British Guiana, whither he seems to have migrated in 1838. His name appeared a few years later in a list of members of the Town Council of Georgetown.³

It was not unusual in those days for the sons of the better-class families to settle in the West Indian colonies, where as a rule they prospered and later returned to England. "Demerara," wrote Anthony Trollope enthusiastically after a fortnight's stay there in 1859, "is the Elysium of the tropics, the West Indian happy valley of Rasselas, the one true and actual Utopia of the Caribbean seas, the transatlantic Eden. When I settle out of England, and take to the colonies for good and all, British Guiana shall be the land of my adoption."⁴ But at the time of Roney's arrival the colony was passing through a severe economic and political crisis. Slavery had only recently been abolished, trial by jury in criminal cases had not yet been introduced, and the need for some revision of the constitution was exercising the minds of many of the more progressive residents. "A mild despotism tempered by sugar" was Trollope's description of the form of government, and a more recent authority has called it "a freakish by-product of the Napoleonic wars and the creature of pure mischance."⁵ The affairs of British Guiana were administered by the Governor and a Court of Policy. "This Court," to quote Trollope, "consists of five official members, whose votes may therefore be presumed to be at the service of the Governor, and of five elected members. The Governor himself, sitting in this Court, has the casting vote. But he also has something to say to the election of the other five. They are chosen by a body of men called Kiezers, elected for life by the taxpayers, whose main privilege appears to be that of electing these members of the Court of Policy. But on every occasion they send up two names, and the Governor selects one; so that he can always keep out any one man who may be peculiarly disagreeable to him . . . Then there are six Financial Representatives elected by the taxpayers. They are assembled for purposes of taxation only, as far as I understood; and even as regards this they are joined with the Court of Policy, and thus form what is called the Combined Court. The Crown, therefore, has very little to tie its hands."

¹ H. A. C. Sturgess, *Register of Admissions to the Middle Temple*, 1949, II, 466.

² Letter to Beard of May 2nd, 1835, in *Letters* (Nonesuch Dickens), I, 43.

³ *Local Guide of British Guiana*, Demerara, 1843, pp. cxxii, cxxix.

⁴ A. Trollope, *The West Indies and the Spanish Main*, 1859, p. 169, 170.

⁵ Sir Cecil Clementi, *Constitutional History of British Guiana*, 1937, p. vii.

At a meeting of the Combined Court on April 26th, 1848, Roney was one of the six Financial Representatives who, with the five elected members of the Court of Policy, expressed dissatisfaction with the Governor's opening speech and drew attention to "the fearfully distressed condition and prospects of the colony" resulting from the Sugar Duties Act of 1846. The next day he and ten other members of the court signed a protest against the Governor's failure to extend the Tax Ordinance. He attended a meeting of planters, merchants and others on November 29th to consider the sending of petitions to both Houses of Parliament on the situation in British Guiana.¹ In 1849 Roney was acting as legal adviser to the elected members.² He had become an active supporter of the movement for constitutional reform and was one of the speakers at the first open-air meeting ever held in Georgetown, convened by the British Guiana Reform Association on November 9th, 1850, to press for a new constitution.³

Only a week after this meeting Roney applied for the vacant office of first Puisne Judge in the Supreme Court of Civil Justice. In his letter to the new Governor, Sir Henry Barkly, he wrote: "During the last twelve years I have been in the constant practice of my profession as a Barrister-at-Law in this Colony, and I believe I may boast of having attained a respectable position therein. I am now in my 39th year and in regard to my private circumstances am quite independent. As a private individual I have latterly taken some part in Colonial politics, but I beg to assure your Excellency I have ever held any, even the slightest, interference with politics quite incompatible with the position of a Judge . . . Should I be fortunate enough to obtain your Excellency's nomination, subject to Her Majesty's pleasure, I believe I have interest enough among my friends in Europe to have such nomination confirmed."⁴ In forwarding this and another application to Earl Grey, however, the Governor commented that, with every respect for Mr. Roney's talents, he must decline taking the responsibility of recommending his elevation to the Bench.

In April, 1854, Roney was one of the nominees of the College of Kiezers for a seat in the Court of Policy and was elected an unofficial member on the 21st. He also held the posts of Commissioner of the Penal Settlement and of the Ice House. From this time forward he was assiduous in his attendance at the Court of Policy and took a prominent part in its discussions. On November 17th, 1854 he gave notice of a number of questions relating to constitutional reform which the Governor (Sir Philip Wodehouse) transmitted to the Colonial Secretary in London. He took a leading part in the debate on a Bill to amend the constitution which passed its third reading on September 18th, 1855, but was disallowed by the Home Government, the Secretary of State objecting in particular to one section which had been proposed by Roney and agreed to without a division. Thereafter proposals for constitutional reform in British Guiana remained in abeyance for more than thirty years.⁵

¹ *Correspondence relative to the British Guiana Civil List, 1848*, pp. 35-38, 157-158.

² Sir C. Clementi, *op. cit.*, p. 186n.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 217.

⁴ C.O. 117/276 (P.R.O.).

⁵ Sir C. Clementi, *op. cit.*, pp. 238, 244-256.

Meanwhile Roney's elder brother Cusack Patrick Roney, M.A., of Trinity College, Dublin, a Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, had given up the practice of surgery and gone to live in London. In 1835 he became Secretary of the Royal Literary Fund, resigning in 1837, two years before Dickens was elected a member of the Committee. After five years as a clerk in the Admiralty and as many more as Secretary of the Eastern Counties Railway, he became Secretary of the Dublin Industrial Exhibition which opened on May 12th, 1853, and was visited by



JAMES E. RONEY

from a miniature in the possession of Mr. R. P. Roney-Dougal, J.P.

the Queen and Prince Albert. On the last day of the exhibition Roney was knighted for his services. A letter from him enclosing an invitation—presumably to attend the opening ceremony—reached Dickens at a time of more than usual stress and strain even for him. The work of editing *Household Words*, for which he was dictating *A Child's History of England*, absorbed much of his time and energy. *Black House* was nearing its dénouement, he was planning a benefit for Miss Fanny Kelly and striving to fulfil a heavy round of social engagements. "My dear Roney," he was constrained to reply on May 2nd, 1853, "a journey to Ireland, occupied as I am at present, would not be much more easy to me than a journey to the Moon. The enclosed answer to the card you

have been so kind as to forward, is the only one within my power. I am glad to hear such good accounts of your doings and prospects. Give my enduring regard and remembrance to James when you meet, and tell him that I have often felt curious to know whether any remembrances of old times were revived in him by any parts of *David Copperfield*.”¹

Some three years after this the post of Attorney-General of British Guiana became vacant, and in applying for the office James Roney enlisted the support of his brother. On March 19th, 1856, the following letter was sent to the Right Hon. Henry Labouchere, Secretary of State for the Colonies, from the offices of the Grand Trunk Railway in London:

“ Sir,

“ Having been apprised that the appointment of Attorney-General for Demerara is vacant by the death of Mr. Craig, I venture to apply for the office on behalf of my brother the Hon. James Edward Roney. He has been since 1838 a member of the Bar of that Colony and for several years has had a very large—I might I believe safely say the largest practice of any person connected with the profession there. He has also been for the last two years a member of the Court of Policy, having been previously one of the Financial Representatives in that Court. I apprehend it could quite easily be ascertained on enquiry that no person in the Colony has a more honourable or respectable position in public estimation.

“ Permit me to state that my brother was formerly a member of the Parliamentary Press of London, the colleague and intimate friend of Mr. Charles Dickens and of other Gentlemen who have since risen to distinction. He was the representative of the *Morning Chronicle* at the time that the British Legion under General Evans was in Spain, and in consequence of the ability he displayed on that occasion Lord Palmerston, at that time Colonial Secretary, gave him strong letters of recommendation to the then Governor of Demerara.

“ I beg leave to add that I was Private Secretary to Mr. More O’Ferrall for several years, and that Gentleman on becoming Secretary of the Admiralty obtained from Lord Minto for me a Clerkship in the Admiralty, Whitehall. I am personally known to a large number of the Parliamentary supporters of the present Government, of which as well [as] of liberal opinions generally I have been, I hope always will be, a warm advocate.

“ I have the honour to be, Sir,

“ Your very obedient Servant,

“ CUSACK P. RONEY, Kt.”²

Again Roney’s hopes were doomed to disappointment, the post being given to Mr. J. L. Smith. Three weeks later a letter from James Roney was read in the Court of Policy requesting that his seat be filled, and a successor was elected on April 18th. In taking this step he may have been influenced by his failure to obtain preferment, but a more cogent reason for his resignation

¹ Printed in part only in *Letters* (Nonesuch Dickens), II, 459. The original was in the collection of the late Count A. de Suzannet.

² C.O.111-315 (P.R.O.).

was the news which had just reached him from England that he had been left a widower. The death of Sarah Matilda, wife of the Hon. James Edward Roney, of Demerara, on March 31st, 1856, is recorded in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of the following May. She had suffered for two years from a disease of the kidneys and died in Grove Street (now the northern end of Arlington Road), Camden Town, at the early age of 38. The loss of his wife must have cast a shadow over the barrister's meeting with Dickens six months afterwards at Tavistock House; but a record of the conversation of the two friends on that occasion would be of uncommon interest, for it must have stirred many memories of old times. One would like to know whether Dickens's guest had detected in the description of David Copperfield's landlady, the portly and pertinacious Mrs. Crupp, some traits of Mrs. Rogers, who appears to have been the chatelaine of the Buckingham Street "mansion," and whether in that of Mr. Thomas Traddles he recognised any resemblance to himself.

It was on the following December 12th that Dickens wrote again from Tavistock House:

"My dear Roney,

"I was very glad to see your card yesterday for rumours have reached me of your having been ill. Pray let me know whether you dine with us on Christmas Day. Also that you are good for Twelfth Night.

"Further. Tell me how I am to describe you in the Athenaeum book, and whereof? In my uncertainty on these heads, and in my daily expectation of seeing you, I have not been able to put your name down.

"Faithfully yours always,

"CHARLES DICKENS."¹

This letter was addressed to the Parthenon Club, Regent Street. The implied intention of the writer to recommend Roney for membership of the Athenaeum Club (where Dickens had been a member since 1838), was never carried out, for there is no trace of Roney's name in the books of the club. Nor is it likely that Roney accepted the invitations for Christmas Day and Twelfth Night—the date of the opening performance of *The Frozen Deep*—as he was on the point of returning to Demerara, sailing in January on board the *Magdalena* and resuming his activities in the spring. On April, 23rd, 1857 one of the two names submitted for a vacancy in the Court of Policy was that of James E. Roney, of Middlesex and Orangefield. He was re-elected and took his seat four days later. On April 30th he was again appointed a Commissioner of the Penal Settlement.

During the next fifteen months Roney's name recurs frequently in the minutes of the Court of Policy and the Combined Court in connection with discussions on such diverse topics as a proposed expedition in search of gold, the reported discovery of which had led to the gold fever breaking out in Georgetown; provision of machinery for the Demerara Railway; payment of a gratuity to the destitute relative of a doctor who succumbed to the cholera

¹ I am indebted to Mr. R. P. Roney-Dougal, J.P., for his courtesy in communicating this letter and supplying me with a photograph of the miniature of J. E. Roney reproduced on p. xi.

while attending his patients; the law relating to usury, which Roney proposed to assimilate as far as practicable to that of Great Britain and Ireland; and the law regarding the relief of insolvent debtors. He was one of the leading opponents of the unpopular Registration Tax (virtually a head tax) which was later dropped, and in June, 1858, unsuccessfully put forward a motion in the Combined Court which would have given that court power to initiate expenditure and to increase money votes.¹

On August 6th, 1858, Roney, having announced his intention to spend a month in the neighbouring island of Barbados, was granted leave for that period. Whether he returned to Demerara the records do not reveal, and nothing is at present known of the later activities of Dickens's old friend and fellow lodger.

His brother, Sir Cusack P. Roney, had been appointed Managing Director of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada in 1853, a position he held until 1860. He was the author of *How to Spend a Month in Ireland* (1861), *The Alps and the Eastern Mails* (1867) and *Rambles on Railways* (1868). He died, in London, on September 30th, 1868, and his will dated December 18th, 1867, makes no mention of his brother James. The youngest brother, Lieut.-Colonel Richard Roney (1821-1880), was attached as Major to the 1st Jaeger Corps (British German Legion) for service in the Crimea. He married in 1851 a daughter of John Dougal of Ratho, Midlothian, assuming by royal licence in 1871 the additional name of Dougal, and died at Leamington on April 10th, 1880.

In writing of his old friend as a Colonial Chief Justice, Dickens seems to have been under a misapprehension. That office was held in British Guiana from 1836 to 1852 by Jeffery Hart Bent and from 1852 to 1862 by Sir William Arrindell. The confusion may have arisen from a misunderstanding of Roney's position as a member of the Court of Policy, of which the Chief Justice was also a member *ex-officio*.

* * * * *

It is not improbable that in the early thirties of the last century Charles Dickens, like his friend Roney, was applying himself to the study of the law. He had gained an insight into some of its mysteries as a boy in the offices of his solicitor employers, Ellis & Blackmore and Charles Molloy, and had since made many acquaintances in legal circles. There was a period of uncertainty when he had to choose between a career on the stage, at the Bar, or in journalism. From a letter written by his cousin, Culliford Barrow, to one of his biographers on January 21st, 1895, we learn that he, too, had given some thought to the possibility of seeking an outlet for his energies in the West Indies. A maternal aunt of Barrow's returned to Demerara in 1830 or 1831 after a lengthy visit to England. "On the occasion of that visit," wrote Barrow to Thomas Wright, "and whilst he was still brooding over the choice of a career, Dickens questioned her very closely as to the prospects for pushing his fortune in the West Indies, wanting but a little encouragement to try his luck there."

The aunt in question was Mrs. Margaret Hadfield (*née* Maclean), Mrs. Culliford Barrow's elder sister and the wife of Joseph Hadfield,

¹ J. Rodway, *History of British Guiana*, 1894, III, 131, 176. Clementi, *op. cit.*, p. 273.

for many years Crown Surveyor and Commissary of Population in Georgetown. After living in a tropical climate for half a century Hadfield's health became impaired and in June, 1850, he was granted nine months' leave of absence to return to England. His death on March 25th, 1851, was reported to the authorities on the 27th by Dickens's uncle, Thomas Culliford Barrow. He was buried in Brompton Cemetery, and his widow on her death in 1860 was interred in another part of the same cemetery.

There are occasional allusions to the West Indies in Dickens's novels and other writings. It will suffice here to recall that the adventurous career of Alfred Jingle and his faithful henchman Job Trotter ended in Demerara, and that old Sol Gills who set out for the West Indies in search of his nephew Walter Gay wrote to his friend Captain Cuttle from Barbados, Jamaica and Demerara.

Dickens must have given up finally any idea of leaving for the colonies or of taking to the stage as a profession by the autumn of 1834, when he joined the staff of the *Morning Chronicle*. He had not, however, entirely abandoned hope of taking silk, as a letter to Henry Nethersole, the Steward of New Inn, makes clear. "As I am desirous of taking a set of Chambers in New Inn, should I find any to suit me," he wrote on November 13th, 1834, "and as I am not aware what are the regulations of the Society, I think it better to consult you on the subject, before I trouble myself or anyone else, by looking at such Chambers as are at present to let. I am not a member of the legal profession, my whole time is at present devoted to literary pursuits, and I intend entering the Bar as soon as circumstances will enable me to do so. Under these circumstances I take the liberty of enquiring whether, not being admitted into the List of Attornies or Law Students, I am incapable of being admitted into the Inn, or complying with the established forms, and entering into such securities as are required from other gentlemen."¹

The Steward's reply to this communication is not recorded, but we know that a month later Dickens was installed in chambers at 13 Furnival's Inn. He could then have had little leisure to pursue his legal studies, as he was busily engaged in reporting for the *Morning Chronicle* and in writing sketches for its evening counterpart. It was not until December 6th, 1839, that he was admitted, in his turn, a student at the Middle Temple, by which time he was living in Devonshire Terrace and his reputation as a novelist was firmly established.

Six years later, although in the meantime the publication of *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *Martin Chuzzlewit* and the Christmas stories had set the seal upon his fame, the prospect of a legal career seems to have still held attractions for him. On April 17th, 1846, he wrote to Madame De La Rue that he was thinking of a stay in Lausanne or somewhere on the lake of Geneva, and added: "Against my coming away at all, there is the consideration that I am (nominally, God knows!) a Law student, and have a certain number of 'terms to keep' before I can be called to the Bar; and it would be well for me to be called, as there are many little pickings to be got—pretty easily within my reach—which can

¹ *St. James's Gazette*, March 12th, 1891, p. 12.

only be bestowed on Barristers.”¹ It was in this year, Forster tells us, that Dickens made some enquiries with a view to taking up an appointment as a stipendiary magistrate; but meeting with no encouragement he soon abandoned the idea. Not until 1855, however, did he finally give up hope of becoming a barrister. On March 17th of that year he addressed a petition to the Benchers of the Middle Temple which is thus noted in the Minutes:

“ The Petition of Mr. Charles Dickens a Student of the Society having been read as follows praying for his name to be withdrawn and his Deposit returned,

“ The Petition of Charles Dickens of Tavistock House Tavistock Square in the County of Middlesex Sheweth

“ That []² years ago your Petitioner entered himself a Student of your Honourable Society with the intention of keeping the requisite number of Terms and being called to the Bar.

“ That although your Petitioner was at that time a writer of books, he did not foresee that Literature as a profession would so entirely engross his time and become the business of his life as it has since done and now does.

“ That in the pursuit of his Art (both in his own country and in others) your Petitioner has been entirely diverted from the pursuit of the Law; and that he has long had reason to believe that the separation is final.

“ Your Petitioner with this expression of his inability to become a Law Student in anything but in name respectfully begs permission to withdraw himself from the Students List and to have his Deposit money returned to him if your Worships should see no objection to granting him this favour.

“ And your Petitioner as in duty bound will ever pray.

“ CHARLES DICKENS.

“ It is ordered that the same be allowed.”

I am indebted to Mr. H. A. C. Sturgess, Librarian and Keeper of the Records of the Middle Temple, for the full text of Dickens's petition, as well as for the information that the amount of the deposit paid on his entry as a student, which was refunded to him, would have been £100, in accordance with the usual practice.

My thanks are due to Mr. Henry C. Dickens, O.B.E., for permission to publish the letters of Dickens quoted in this article.

¹ *Letters* (Nonesuch Dickens), I, 745.

² No figure is inserted.

EMLYN WILLIAMS'S READINGS

An interesting and welcome souvenir of Emlyn Williams's recent remarkable performances has been published by the Folio Society under the title of *Readings from Dickens* (15s.). It contains the texts of his first series, also those from *Bleak House*, as well as those from a third series so far not given in London, although that from *Little Dorrit* formed part of his first performance, given in Cambridge. Here is an admirable opportunity to study Mr. Williams's methods in adapting the works for the platform. The illustrations are disappointing, especially the frontispiece which is repeated on the dust-wrapper, while the photograph of Mr. Williams as Dickens is not one of the best we have seen.—EDITOR.

SHAVINGS FROM DICKENS'S WORKSHOP

Unpublished Fragments from the Novels

IV. THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP

IN the following pages will be found those passages of *The Old Curiosity Shop* deleted by the author in making up the weekly parts of *Master Humphrey's Clock* in which the novel appeared. They are taken from Dickens's original corrected proofs, and published for the first time,¹ by permission of the Victoria and Albert Museum.—EDITOR.

BROTHERLY LOVE

[Ch. XXXIII. Sampson Brass is taunted by his sister with agreeing, against his will, to engage Dick Swiveller, and asks: "Is it my fault?"—]

"Then why do you do it?" returned his sister.

"She asks me why I do it!" said Mr. Brass looking up at the ceiling. "She asks me—this rascal asks me—why I am going to do it!"

"Well what of that?" observed his sister coolly.

"She asks me," said Mr. Brass, striking his fist upon the table, "why I am going to do it, and she was consulting with me three hours last night whether I ought to do it, or whether I ought not! Now, there's a pretty fellow—there's a pretty fellow to drive a man crazy and beside himself!"

Miss Sally smiled, for she had a deep delight in irritating her brother; and presently said:

QUILP'S COMPLIMENTS APPRECIATED

[Ch. XXXIII. Quilp, after "ogling the fair Miss Brass," indulges in some characteristic blandishments which Sampson thought "quite extraordinary."—]

"And is that," cried Quilp, turning upon his flatterer, "my smoking pettifogger, my picker and stealer, my gentleman one, et cetera?"

"Oh capital, capital!" said the lawyer, falling backwards in his chair. "I never *saw* him to such advantage. He's outdoing himself!"

FEMININE OR . . . ?

[Ch. XXXIII. Swiveller is introduced to the firm of Brass by Quilp but is mystified by Sally, who was taking "a few turns up and down the office with her pen behind her ear."—]

"What is it?" whispered Dick to Quilp. "Is it a woman?"

"Calm yourself," added Quilp in the same tone, and leering at him out of the corner of his eyes; "it's not an angel. It's a mortal, as you and I are—nothing more."

¹ A passage from Ch. LXVI, about the parentage of the Marchioness appeared in "Dickens's Marchioness Identified," by Gerald G. Grubb, in *Modern Language Notes*, LXVIII, March 1953.

PREPARATIONS FOR DICK

[Ch. XXXIII. Brass tells Swiveller that "We'll look about for a second-hand stool, sir."—]

"There's one in Whitechapel, nearly opposite the Hospital; at least I saw one last week," said Miss Sally. "Its quite good enough. You had better make an offer for it, if its not gone."

"Whitechapel, eh?" returned Brass, making a note of it in his pocket book. "I'll see about it to-day."

DICK CLASSIFIES SALLY BRASS

[Ch. XXXIV. Dick, left to himself, considers Sally's promise to return speedily in which expectation he hopes she will be disappointed. "He sat down in the client's chair and pondered."—]

"This is a blight. Richard Swiveller reduced to work, and be guarded by a dragon—a she-dragon. *Is* she a dragon, though," argued Mr. Swiveller, or is she a mermaid? Mermaids are fond of looking glasses, which she can't be, and have a habit of arranging their hair, which she hasn't. No, she's a dragon."

This knotty point being adjusted to his entire content, Richard Swiveller then took . . .

ROOMS TO LET

[Ch. XXXIV. Dick enlarges upon the amenities of the apartments he is endeavouring to let to the single gentleman and alleges "that the contingent advantages are extraordinary."—]

At the end of this flourish which was perhaps as much to the purpose as could be expected, considering that it was quite extemporary and that Dick knew no more about the rooms than the single gentleman who had come to take them, Mr. Swiveller replaced his pen in his mouth and signified to the coachman that he had better wait, in case it should be necessary to take the trunk away again.

"HANG-OVER"

[Ch. XL. Kit's feeling of lassitude the morning after the evening at Astley's, inspire the following reflections which were to have formed the third paragraph of the chapter.—]

To have drunk too much, to have had a great holiday, to have fallen in love, are one and the same thing in their next day's consequences. A sense of something lost and gained, of a dim uncomfortable ghost perpetually haunting us, of a fire gone out which is never to be lighted any more, of water with its soul filtered away, of vapid air from half-extinguished ovens, of earth dull, dry and avid; of a compounded moral and physical staleness, blear-eyedness, consciousness of not being shaved, and feeling of utter discomfort—Such is the common dust into which these three great things of earth resolve themselves next day.

KIT'S VIRTUES EXTOLLED.

[Ch. XL. Despite his lassitude at sunrise, Kit later bestirred himself to such effect that his "punctual and industrious conduct the old lady, and the old gentleman, and Mr. Abel, highly extolled."—]

—declaring among themselves with great satisfaction that Kit and Barbara were the best of all young people, and coupling more laudatory adjectives with their names than we have space to recite.

KIT IS IN DEMAND

[Ch. XL. Mr. Garland tells Kit of a possible new employer. Says Kit: "I wonder at him; that I do." Mr. Garland goes on:—

"He mentioned his desire to meet Mr. Abel as being the result of very particular reasons, and begged that we would consider of it, as without our consent he would not feel justified in mentioning it to you. I told Mr. Abel that I would speak to you myself."

Kit looked more ruefully still at the old lady and gentleman, and seemed to say by the expression of his countenance, "What next?"

MR. CHUCKSTER ON TOWN VERSUS COUNTRY

[Ch. XL. Mr. Chuckster compliments Mr. Garland, "Charming box this, sir. Delicious country, to be sure."—]

"You are fond of the country, sir?" said the old lady.

"Why, you know, ma'am, the pleasures of the town, ma'am, are, if I may venture to make use of a professional term, engrossing, quite engrossing. The country has its delight—partridges, pheasants, woodcocks, snipes, hares, wild rabbits—but as a general principle, and present company always excepted, I should say that all the desirable society is in town, and that the country is peopled with—in fact, with snobs," said Mr. Chuckster, smiling agreeably.

"You are really too hard upon us, really too hard," said the old gentleman.

"Why, you see, sir," returned Mr. Chuckster, "that here we come to a question of facts, and upon these facts issue is joined. If you only supported anything—when I say you, I mean the country in general, observe—I'd forgive you; but upon my soul you're slow fellers, dreadful dull, horrid. You've no taste for plays, no taste for vows, no taste for smoking shops, no taste for harmonic meetings—no, no, you won't do. You oughtn't to be encouraged, that's the fact," said Mr. Chuckster, pleasantly.

KIT SEES DIFFICULTIES

[Ch. XL. Kit explains why he thinks it would be imprudent for him to join in pursuit of Nell and her grandfather. The single gentleman becomes exasperated, and Kit goes on, "but if that's the reason,"—]

"Some new difficulty, I'll be sworn!" cried the impatient stranger.

"Let us hear, at any rate," urged the Notary.

"What, if that's the reason, Christopher?"

EVERYONE NONPLUSED

[Ch. XL. "Another difficulty," arising about the pursuit of Nell, the single gentleman exclaims, "Was ever man so beset as I?"—]

The Notary could only shrug his shoulders, purse up his lips, and look wise, puzzled. Mr. Abel looked as meek and placid as normal; Kit looked blank and disappointed; the single gentleman looked unutterably dejected, and paced the little office despondingly.

THE EXCITEMENT OF DEPARTURE

[Ch. XLI. "'With four horses I declare!' said Kit, quite aghast at the preparations. 'Well you *are* going to do it, mother!'"—]

"I feel in such a flurry Kit," replied the good woman, "that I don't know whether I am standing on my head or my heels."

"And I am afraid you won't have time to find out 'till your rolling away," said Kit, drawing her into the office.

PLUNDERING

[Ch. XLII. The grandfather encounters some thieves and having apparently lost money to them in gambling, lets fall the word "plunder." One of them exclaims, "Damme, what do you mean by such ungentlemanly language as plunder, eh?"—]

"He don't mean anything," cried Isaac List.

"He don't mean anything! Then why the Devil does he say anything!" returned his friend. "Don't let us have any talk of plundering here, now. Once for all, I won't have it. Plunder indeed! Very pretty. Plundering too. Take care we don't have some thundering as well as plundering, before we've done."

IRRESISTIBLE

[Ch. XLII. The gamblers goad the old man to continue to play. "Go on, go on," he commands, "It's in vain to fight with it: I can't do it; go on."—]

The fellow rose upon his elbow again, and as the old man covered his face with his hands, made a gesture of triumph, to which his friend responded. The gipsy left the tree against which he had been reclining, and drew nearer under the pretence of mending the fire.

A GAMBLER'S POLICY

[Ch. XLII. Joe Jowl exhibits his cash-box full of money to impress Isaac List, asking, "Do you know the sound of gold?"—]

My bank's strong enough to meet any tin-box hereabouts, I expect, and who knows Joe Jowl and don't know that nothing pleased him better than giving those he wins from, their revenge? A's turn to-day. B's tomorrow. Turn and turn about's fair play all the world over.

NELL'S CONSCIOUSNESS OF HER RESPONSIBILITIES

[Ch. XLIII. Nell, pressing on—"the very desperation of their condition roused and stimulated her."—]

—and the child of that night was no more the child of yesterday than the black bare heath on which she stopped to rest with the cold night-sky above, were fitting couch and canopy for one so young and tender.

MORE WAYSIDE COMPANIONS

[Ch. XLIII. Nell and her grandfather fall in with some boatmen. "Holloa!" said the man roughly. "What's the matter here, eh?"—]

"Have you been robbed?" cried one of the others from the boat.

"We have nothing to lose sir," answered Nell hastily; for it was a lonely spot, and their appearance was far from prepossessing.

"Then what are you lying there for looking as if you were dead or dying?" retorted the man.

POVERTY IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

[Ch. XLIV. "Why had they ever come to this noisy town . . . the very sight of which increased their hopelessness and suffering."—]

They had been used to stop at cottage doors, and beg a drink of water; and though these cottages were poor and small, they were often shaded by green trees, always in the free air, open to the sun and wind, and gay with the songs of birds. How different the stys, in which the working townsman, women, children, babies—and they all worked here—huddled together, and had their sickly homes! In courts so numerous, as to be marked in every street by numbers of their own, for names for them could not be found—in narrow, unpaved ways, exhaling foetid odours, steeped—filth and dirt, reeking with things offensive to sight, smell, hearing, thought; shutting out light and air breeding contagious diseases, big with fever, loathesome humours, madness, and a long ghastly train of ills—in places where, let men disguise as they please, no human beings can be clean or good, or sober, or contented. Where no child can be born but it is infected and tainted, from the hour it draws its miserable breath, and never has its chance of worth or happiness—in such noisome streets they, the tens of thousands, live and die and give birth to others, tens of thousands more, who live and die again, never growing better but slowly and surely

worse, and whose depraved condition—whose irreligion, improvidence, drunkenness, degeneracy, and, most unaccountable of all, whose discontent, good gentlemen reprobate in Parliament till they are hoarse; devising for their reformation Sabbath bills without and (they *named* here general fastings, but the name is awkward), and building up new churches with a zeal whose sacred fervour knows no limits.

“Misery!” said a portly gentleman standing in the best street of the town that very night as he went home for dinner, and looking around him. “Where is it?” A splendid Town Hall—a copy from the antique—the finest organ in Europe, a museum of natural curiosities, a theatre, some capital inns, excellent shops, where every luxury may be purchased at very little more than the London price; an elegant market-place admirably supplied. What would they have? Misery! Pooh, pooh! I don’t believe a word of it.”

THE OLD MAN’S REMORSE

[Ch. XLIV. The old man regards the travel stained and weary child, and asks himself, “has all my agony of care brought her to this at last! Was I a happy man once, and have I lost happiness and all I had, for this!”—]

His hat fell off as he raised his hands, pressed convulsively together, above his head, and, with his white hair streaming in the wind, uttered this complaint with a passion and energy that shook him like an ague. Terrified to see him thus, the child clung to him and besought him to be calm “Brought me to this!—To what?” she said cheerfully, “one night without a bed to lie on! what matters that! We shall laugh at this one day; and when we are sitting before a good fire, we shall feel glad to think how cold and wet we were to-night. Come, let us find some corner where we can lie down to rest. There are many many poor creatures in this town, dear, who will not sleep half so soundly as you and I to-night!”

For a moment she turned away her face. There was something in the action with which she pressed her hand upon her drooping heart, sorely at variance with her speech; but next moment she looked with a smiling hope into the old man’s face, and that was all he saw.

MINISTERING ANGELS

[Ch. XLVI. The schoolmaster conducts Nell and the old man to a small inn, where the landlady speedily and efficiently ministered to Nell’s needs, and finally “despatched a messenger for a doctor.”—]

Now, all this was done by the landlady and her servant with a perfect delight—in a mighty bustle you may be sure, and with looks of great mystery and importance, but gently, tenderly, and with an earnest zeal that lighted up their faces, and would have made them charming, had they been the most indifferent faces in

the world. The best saints in the Catholic Calendar are all women. How natural it is that the poor, the sick, and needy, in so many countries, should have a deep faith in them in periods of sickness and calamity, when they everyday see their like on earth at such times, even in its humblest paths !

PROGRESS

[Ch. XLVI. The report, the morning after the landlady's ministrations, was that Nell " would at least require a day's rest, and careful nursing, before she could proceed upon her journey."—]

Even then it was intimated, she would be in no condition to travel on foot unless very slowly and with frequent restings by the way.

THE SCHOOLMASTER SEEKS ENLIGHTENMENT

[Ch. XLVI. The schoolmaster asks Nell what had happened to her since she and the old man left him. " I know very little of the world, and perhaps you are better fitted to advise me in its affairs than I am qualified to give advice to you; but I am very sincere, and I have a reason (you have not forgotten it) for loving you."—]

If it is ignorance of the world which makes me think that a friendship linked with the memory of those who are gone, though they be but children should be of all others true and lasting, God keep me from its knowledge.

NELL TELLS HER STORY

[Ch. XLVI. The schoolmaster's transparent honesty " gave the child a confidence in him, which the utmost arts of treachery and dissimulation could never have awakened in her breast."—]

Gratitude to him as their benefactor, and to Providence who seemed to have sent him there to be their friend and guide, filled up the measure of her love, and pointed to him as to a father to whom she might entrust her heavy secret.

UNKNOWN HEROES

[Ch. XLVI. The schoolmaster marvels at the child's perseverance in all adversities, reflecting " And yet the world is full of such heroism."—]

How many thousands with no other motive to exertion or endurance, and with no other reward, live unregarded, and die unnoticed and unknown ! What humble churchyard, but has many such heroes mingling with its dust !

(To be continued.)

DICKENS AND CAVE A THEATRICAL ANECDOTE

BY K. J. FIELDING

DICKENS was such an amazing figure that he attracted fantastic characters, met strange accidents and was involved in some of the most extraordinary affairs. His life was full of unexpected incident; and he not only dramatised his own career and took the leading part, but found new "Dickensian" characters walking on and demanding to be heard. One of these was Joseph Arnold Cave, the manager of the Marylebone Theatre, Church Street, whose absurd brush with Dickens is outlined in new papers that have recently been discovered at the offices of Dickens's former solicitors.¹ The story they tell is no more than a minor anecdote but it is one which shows something of the vitality and eccentricity of the real world of Victorian melodrama.

Dickens had always been a fervent believer in the influence and importance of the Theatre, and for the opening numbers of *Household Words* he wrote a pair of articles entitled "The Amusements of the People."² In them he explained how the typical "Joe Whelks, of the New Cut, Lambeth," was "not much of a reader," but that his "range of imagination" was satisfied by the cheap East End Theatres and Saloons. He emphasised that such men as Joe had a "right to be amused," that the situations they enjoyed were often no more ridiculous than those of Italian Opera, and that any exercise of the imagination was good. Yet he was appalled by the "moral confusion" and absurdity of two of the melodramas he actually saw, *May Morning* and *Eva the Betrayed*. They were probably harmless enough in themselves, but he was dismayed at the way in which an enormous power for good was so elaborately misused; and he felt that the stage ought to be able to emulate literature by producing a drama which was popular without being debased.

Dickens had many friends among the theatrical managers, and in the two articles he went out of his way to insist that he disclaimed "any grave imputation on those who are concerned in ministering to the dramatic gratification of Mr. Whelks. Heavily taxed, wholly unassisted by the State, deserted by the gentry, and quite unrecognised as a means of public instruction, the higher English Drama has declined." Whoever was responsible, he held that it was not the fault of the actors or managers. Over fifteen years later, however, one of his assistants took up the subject once more for *All the Year Round*; and, under the title of "Mr. Whelks at the Play" (June 27th, 1866), he set about the same business of describing an evening's entertainment at one of the cheap theatres with much less tact and more severity.³

The example he chose was a production of *The Black Doctor* at the Marylebone Theatre, which was known at various times as the Royal Pavilion Theatre and the Royal Alfred. Later it became a cinema, and it is now a warehouse. It was just off

¹ Thanks are due to Sir Leslie Farrer, K.C.V.O., for permission to consult these papers.

² 30th March and 30th April, 1850.

³ The author of the article is unknown; it is merely certain that it was not Dickens.

the Edgware Road, where, according to the author "there was no rival establishment within two miles." He found it "well constructed, prettily decorated, brightly lighted, and clean"; its prices were moderate; its audience "quiet and orderly"; and, apart from the excessive number of portmen bearing porter and a member of the audience "refreshing himself with a cold potato," it appears to have been rather attractive.

The unknown author, however, was much more strict in describing the performance. In almost the same manner as Dickens he followed it through act by act; but a great difference lay in his description of its reception. Dickens had found that the melodramas he had watched were delightedly received by the audience, and that "Mr. Whelks was infinitely contented with the whole of the proceedings." Yet at the performance of *The Black Doctor*, "Mr. Whelk's feelings" were "not stirred in the slightest degree," and he is said to have returned "to his cold potato with the air of a philosopher." Indeed, "he was entertained drearily and dismally . . . for there was not a single natural incident, nor a single natural sentiment, that could in any way appeal to his knowledge of life or the sympathies of his heart. He simply tolerated the wearisome nonsense. . . ." The critic concluded by remarking on the great mistake "which cants about 'playing down' to Mr. Whelks," instead of recognising the fact that "he should be 'played up' to a higher level . . . and that it may be gradually and hopefully done by good sense, good purpose, and good art."

Although the name of the theatre was not given in the article, the description left no doubt which it was. The manager might be rather annoyed, but he had no more chance of replying than anyone else who came under criticism and there the matter seemed likely to rest. As it happened, however, the lessee of the Marylebone Theatre was Joseph Arnold Cave, a man of considerable spirit and resource; and on reading the remarks in *All the Year Round* he felt that he had particular cause to be indignant. As Dickens himself had pointed out in one of the earlier articles, "Those who live to please Mr. Whelks, must please Mr. Whelks to live," and he knew only too well the dangers of trying to play his audience "up to a higher level." The history of the Marylebone Theatre was a warning to anyone who thought to attempt anything of the kind, for the district around it was poor and it had begun with a steady succession of managerial failures. When, moreover, an effort had been made to regenerate it under the management of Mrs. Warner, in 1847, she had failed in barely a year. Other managers who had followed her had been equally unsuccessful, and the Theatre had begun to pay only after Cave took it over in 1858. By 1864 he had done well enough to have it enlarged, and to have it billed as "The West End Home of East End Melodrama." Believing that Dickens was the author of the article, therefore, Cave felt that his advice on running a theatre was an impertinent as his would have been on editing a weekly magazine.

His retaliation was to have a placard printed expressing this opinion, denying the truth of the description and apparently

declaring that Dickens must have been drunk when he visited the theatre. Judging by the way in which he composed his playbills he probably had a pungent and picturesque style, and it is highly disappointing that it has not been possible to trace a copy of the actual placard issued. Many years ago it was listed in a book-seller's catalogue,¹ and although they were rare there is no doubt that a number of copies must have been in circulation. The newly discovered papers at Dickens's solicitors show that the placard was well publicised when it first appeared, and gave some idea of Dickens's annoyance at such an unorthodox reply.

The existence of the scandalous poster was first brought to Dickens's notice by a letter from a Mr. Henry Taylor (dated 21st September), who signed himself an "Ardent Admirer":

"Sir,

Having seen a circular addressed to you by Mr. J. Arnold Cave . . . in which many scandalous assertions are made concerning your visit . . . during the performance of *The Black Doctor*—this having been issued in July and not having met with any correction on your part, I am induced to believe that you are not aware of the issue of the said circular, and have thought it my duty to inform as it may do you harm among your friends and patrons. In one part of the circular it is asserted that you had dined with a friend and was inebriated and many other scandalous remarks. Should you doubt the truth of this communication I shall have great pleasure in showing you the circular . . . which is signed J. Arnold Cave."

Dickens's immediate response was to instruct W. H. Wills to obtain a copy of the slander and to put the matter in the hands of his solicitors; and Wills accordingly informed Frederic Ouvry: "Dickens wishes you to write to the person who signs it, telling him that Dickens was never in his theatre in his life, and that, unless he publicly retracts the imputation of drunkenness he will have to suffer the legal consequences of so gross an untruth." The reply to this is unknown, but it was obviously unsatisfactory since, on October 1st, Dickens wrote to Wills: "I cannot submit to that audacious statement of Mr. Cave's, and I have therefore forwarded the draft letter to Ouvry's firm, with a request that it may be sent."²

The subsequent correspondence is incomplete, and all the more indefinite because of the way in which Cave's solicitor delayed answering as long as he could. On October 16th he asked if the matter might stand over for another ten days since he had only just returned to town and his client was still in Paris. Dickens

¹ Francis Edwards, *Playbills, A Collection and Some Comments*, 1893, p. 12, "Amongst the records for 1866 will be found a broadsheet printed by the Marylebone manager . . . Mr. Cave . . . tells Mr. Dickens that he, C.D., may take his, J.A.C.'s lease, and do better with it if he can; and that, if he refuses this offer, he is 'a mere impracticable hypercritic.'" I am indebted to Mr. Bertram Shuttleworth, Hon. Sec. of the Society for Theatre Research, for drawing my attention to this entry.

The incident is not mentioned in Cave's autobiography, *A Jubilee of the Dramatic Life and Incident of Joseph C. Cave*, ed. Robert Soutar, 1892.

² The request was addressed to: "Messrs. Farrer Ouvry and Farrer/Dear Sirs/ Mr. Ouvry writing from Folkestone, sends me the enclosed draft of a letter, saying that you will duly address it to Mr. Cave, Lessee of the Marylebone Theatre, if I wish it despatched. As I do wish it to be despatched, I beg to forward the draft to you."—From microfilm of MS. in the Henry E. Huntington Library, by kind permission.

ELLEN TERNAN

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Sir,

I have been greatly interested in Professor Gerald G. Grubb's masterly review of Professor Ada B. Nisbet's *Dickens and Ellen Ternan* in the June 1953 number of *The Dickensian*. Since it was my article, "Dickens and the Scandalmongers," in *College English*,



ELLEN TERNAN

By courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Vol. XI, pp. 373-382 (April, 1950), which, more than any other single item, caused Miss Nisbet to decide to publish this book, I should like to ask the hospitality of *The Dickensian* for a brief discussion of the issues involved.

I have already published an addendum to my article, correcting certain minor points, in my *Introduction to Dickens* (Chicago: Scott, Foresman and Company, 1952), p. 425, fn. 4. I have also reviewed Miss Nisbet's book in the *Chicago Sunday Tribune Magazine of Books*, January 4, 1953. But though this literary supplement has a circulation of more than a million and a half copies, it circulates largely in the Middle West of the United States of America, and I cannot assume that what I wrote there has been read by all whom I should like to reach. Moreover, all

newspapers are ephemera, and I should like to stand up and be counted in some place where my words will be considered by those who may be discussing the Dickens-Ternan matter in years to come. Otherwise, it may well be assumed that I have kept silence because I found Miss Nisbet's arguments unanswerable. That that is not the case may be of no importance whatever to anybody except myself, but that importance, I think, remains.

Miss Nisbet has evidently written her book in the hope that it would settle a literary and biographical controversy by which she professes to be greatly distressed. I do not believe that it has done that, but it is a long step forward that she and those who accept her point of view should at last have been brought to realise that there *is* a controversy! Hitherto the anti-Dickensites have all cavalierly assumed that nothing *was* under dispute! That Ellen Ternan was Dickens's mistress has been stated quite as dogmatically as that Catherine Hogarth was his wife, with no notice of any kind to the uninformed reader that either statement was less conclusively documented than the other. It was to call attention to this situation that I wrote my article, the true purpose of which Miss Nisbet does not even yet seem to understand. I never stated that I was sure that Ellen Ternan was not Dickens's mistress. I simply stated that no such relationship had been clearly established. Essentially my article was not a *defence* of Dickens and Ellen Ternan. It was an *attack* upon incompetence and irresponsibility in scholarship.

Now it would be disingenuous on my part were I to fail to admit frankly that the last few pages of Miss Nisbet's book, which are devoted to the discussion of inked-out passages in Dickens's diary in the New York Public Library, letters in the Huntington Library, etc., have strengthened the case for those who believe as Miss Nisbet believes. I am even willing to grant that Miss Nisbet has proved that Dickens loved Ellen Ternan. But even those who have commented on her work most favourably have not quite dared to say that she has proved that he made her his mistress. Or if they have, they have denied it in the next sentence.

Thus Edward Wilson in his curious "Foreword" to Miss Nisbet's book: "... if Dickens's relations with Ellen were, as the Dickensians insist, Platonic, he was an even odder case than one had thought."

With the oddness of the "case" we are not here concerned, though the "odder . . . than one had thought" might well give pause. Odder than who had thought? and upon what assumption? If the "one" indicates Mr. Wilson, the previous assumption would seem to be that, after his separation from his wife, under circumstances and at a time which pretty well ruled out the possibility of divorce, Dickens took a young woman as his mistress. That may have been a very wicked thing to do, though I have so far, in all that I have written about this matter, resolutely declined to complicate the problem by discussing that aspect. But what on earth is odd about it?

But Mr. Wilson is not the only reader on Miss Nisbet's side who manifests what must, from her point of view, be pronounced an incorrigible carelessness in letting the cat slip out of the bag.

Thus Professor Richard D. Altick, of the Ohio State University, reviewed Miss Nisbet's book very favourably in the *New York Herald-Tribune Book Review*. And in this review he asserted twice that Miss Nisbet had proved her case and once that she hadn't: Ellen might, still, have been just a very good friend of Dickens! Well, ambivalence has its values in art, but it seems to me of doubtful value in book-reviewing. If this is the way the academic critics are going to behave, what can one expect of the journalists? And how is poor Miss Nisbet ever going to realise her ambition of silencing everybody and clothing herself in a halo of pure fact and disinterested scholarship when she has such careless readers and champions as that? No, I am afraid that on the basis of the testimony of the very people who take her side, she can be said to have proved only one thing: that in the present state of our knowledge of Dickens's affairs, the Wright-Storey hypothesis cannot be proved.

Mr. Grubb's *Dickensian* review of Miss Nisbet's book has shown far more conclusively than I could show here the great difficulties which still confront anyone who seeks to interpret the meaning of the supposed references to Ellen Ternan in Dickens's diary. What would he have done with the girl if she had come to America? The man lived in a showcase. Did he, perhaps, intend to carry her around with him in a trunk, as Archbishop Cranmer was once accused of transporting his German wife? He cannot possibly have supposed that he could move through Boston society (see Edward F. Payne's *Dickens Days in Boston*) with a young mistress in tow. It was long after 1868 that Gorky had the bad judgment to come to America with a woman who was not his wife, and the results of that experiment brought no satisfaction to him or to anybody else. Perhaps it may also be worth reminding ourselves that we have a detailed record of how Dickens conducted himself on that last American tour. There is nothing about it to indicate that he was pining away like a lovesick boy who had left his heart behind him.

It may, I repeat, all be proved hereafter that all the charges are true, but that cannot possibly affect either our knowledge or our judgment now; still less can it affect what I wrote in 1950. At this point, again, Miss Nisbet seems to be in a difficulty and I want to try to straighten the thing out for her by using an illustration dealing with different offences altogether. Suppose, Miss Nisbet, that I were to accuse an American public figure—a senator, say—of having committed a murder. I could not prove my case. It would simply "appear to me" on the basis of certain circumstances that the man was a murderer. I should "feel it that way." I should have "a moral certainty in my own mind." And on this basis I would state his guilt as an established fact.

I should be a liar—should I not?

And then suppose, three years later, somebody else should come along, and, using evidence to which I had no access, prove that the senator really had committed the murder after all.

Do I rise at this point to proclaim that I have been vindicated, and that I never was a liar at all? Nothing could be more absurd. A liar is still a liar when he guesses right as much as when he

guesses wrong. What can be established on the basis of evidence unknown to me has nothing to do with my case. I am still a liar. I shall continue to be a liar till the Day of Doom.

And that is why I ended my review of your book with these words:

"Finally, I cannot relish Miss Nisbet as a gallant female knight riding to the rescue of all the noble writers whom I wickedly maligned. Even if one grants that she has proved her case, this is all poppycock. None of these persons possessed Miss Nisbet's 'evidence.' As far as they knew they were talking through their hats. As of 1950 they were exactly what I called them. They were scandalmongers."

I do not, however, wish to suggest that Miss Nisbet must be held responsible for the vagaries of her reviewers. No writer could pass that test. I could not pass it myself. My own article in *College English*, for example, drew a reply from Professor Richard B. Hudson, of Indiana University: "The Dickens Affair Again," *College English*, Volume XIII, pp. 111-113, November, 1951.¹

Just why Professor Hudson wrote this article has never been quite clear to me. He had previously noticed my article in the "Victorian Bibliography" for 1950, published in *Modern Philology*, Vol. XLVIII, p. 247—May 1951, where he said, "This article is an excellent analysis of the alleged evidence presented by Wright and Storey . . . Mr. Wagenknecht is quite right in asserting that no one has *proved* that such a relationship did exist between Dickens and Ellen Ternan . . . His conclusions are temperate and judicious . . ."

For this notice I thanked Professor Hudson by writing him a letter, to which he did not reply.

It is true that, even in *Modern Philology*, he did not like the "tone" of my article: ". . . one cannot escape a strong feeling that Mr. Wagenknecht is not wholly dispassionate in his efforts to preserve Dickens's reputation. [Here, again, the familiar misreading of my basic purpose.] His heavy irony and his use of such words as 'contemptible' and 'shameful' do not add much to the argument, especially when his opponents are such unscholarly people as Mr. Wright and Miss Storey." In his *College English* article he returns to the attack, and this time he goes much farther.

He now wishes to be informed "what is it at this distance to 'aspersion' the memory of a Victorian gentlewoman during her children's lifetime?" Who would have remembered her anyway?" My first impulse would be to reply, "Her children," which I thought I had made sufficiently clear. But if you reject the basic principle of Anglo-Saxon justice—that every man is innocent until he is proved guilty—then I suppose, Professor Hudson, it really makes no difference at all. My critic also informs his readers that he does not "feel so strongly" about Dickens's private character as I seem to feel, and that he is "content to take Dickens as [he] find[s] him."

Well, about these matters there is no arguing. But the new material that Professor Hudson now proceeds to inject into the

¹ I wish to express my gratitude to Professor Grubb for contributing valuable material to my letter from this point on.

discussion cannot be permitted to pass unchallenged. For he is unqualifiedly and demonstrably wrong upon every single point.

I had, for example, quoted, as to Dickens's character, from the testimony of those who knew him best, including Tom Trollope, who, according to the Wright-Storey line, would be the brother-in-law of the girl Dickens seduced: "Dickens hated a mean action or a mean sentiment as one hates something that is physically loathsome to the sight or touch." Mr. Hudson asks: "Now, are these men passing final judgment on the man who inserted the 'Address' in *Household Words*? The man who wrote the so-called 'Violated Letter' with its appended retraction? The man who gratuitously insulted his wife in his last will and testament? Professor Wagenknecht should be told that these, to our modern tastes, are mean actions within the limits of Tom Trollope's statement."

Are they? Intelligent differences of opinion may still be entertained with regard to the "Address" or "Personal" statement. But if we are going to discuss it, let us not omit the fact that it was submitted to Mrs. Dickens for her approval before publication. That the "Violated Letter" ought never to have been written is, I think, indisputable, but its appearance in print was the result of a violated confidence and distressed Dickens very much. It showed his bad judgment if you like, but that does not prove that it was a "mean action."

As for Dickens having insulted his wife in his will, I wonder what document Mr. Hudson has been reading. Here are the relevant statements:

"AND I BEQUEATH to my son Charles Dickens and my son Henry Fielding Dickens, the sum of £8,000 upon trust to invest the same, and from time to time to vary the investments thereof, and to pay the annual income thereof to my wife during her life . . . AND I DESIRE here simply to record the fact that my wife, since our separation by consent, has been in receipt from me of an annual income of £600, while all the great charges of a numerous and expensive family have devolved wholly upon myself."

This was a legally advisable statement, made in a private document and not intended for publication. It told the undisputed truth, and it was not couched in offensive language. Mrs. Dickens's yearly allowance of £600, during her husband's lifetime, free of all family expenses, was greater than the yearly salary of Dickens's sub-editor, W. H. Wills. Her own attorneys felt that Dickens was placing her allowance higher than necessary for a woman on her social level.

Professor Hudson also seems confused in his citation of Thackeray's testimony concerning the domestic difficulties of the Dickens family and of Professor Gordon N. Ray's notes on these letters in his edition of Thackeray's letters and journals. But Professor Grubb has already dealt with this matter in part in his review of Miss Nisbet's book, and I lack the space to go into it again here. What Thackeray's letters show is that he at first applied to Ellen Ternan gossip which was really aimed at Georgina Hogarth and was later put right by Mrs. Dickens herself. But I

cannot be too hard on Professor Hudson at this point, for I myself, when I wrote my article, believed the "young lady for whom I have a great attachment and regard" of the "Violated Letter" to be Ellen Ternan. Professor Grubb has now shown that the reference is actually to Georgina. Corroborative evidence occurs in a letter of Dickens to Macready in the Morgan Library which I hope Professor Grubb will print.

Finally we come to Mr. Hudson's most amazing blunder, which occurs when he quotes approvingly from the *Letters and Memoirs* of Sir William Hardman, editor of the *Morning Post*, concerning the farewell banquet given for Dickens in London on November 2, 1867, before his departure for America:

"But I must say that we, and those who are behind the scenes, did not think much of the list of guests. We were amused to see next day a paragraph stating that his eldest son Charley Dickens's name had been omitted from the list by oversight. Their anxiety to add this, the most respectable of the lot, was amusing. I thought it would have been a good joke if someone had written setting forth the names of those who did *not* accompany him and shed the halo of their respectability over his departure, commencing with Dickens's much-injured wife, whose name was conspicuous by its absence."

What were the facts about this dinner? It is easy to find them, for *The Times*, November 4, devoted two and one-third columns to the affair. Plates were laid for between 300 and 400 guests; the galleries were filled with ladies; of the disreputable persons who sat down, more than fifty are now listed in *Webster's Biographical Dictionary*. Bulwer-Lytton presided. Thirteen noblemen were present, thirteen members of the Royal Academy of Arts, eight eminent scientists, four Members of Parliament, and many authors, editors, journalists, and scholars. The speakers were Sir Charles Russell, V.C.; Captain Houston Stewart, R.N.; Tom Taylor; Sir Charles W. Dilke; J. B. Buckstone; Benjamin Webster; Sir A. H. Layard; Sir Frances Grant; Anthony Trollope; Sir Edwin Landseer; The Lord-Mayor of London; The Chaplain-General of the Armed Forces; and the Lord Chief-Justice of England.

In calling attention to the importance of the Farewell Dinner, the editor of *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* June, 1868, remarks: "That there should be no misapprehension upon our part as to the opinion which his [Dickens's] own country holds of him, his departure was signalised by the most flattering ovation which any purely literary man ever received in England. His chief living rival, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, an author who was famous before Dickens was ever heard of, and whose fame that of Dickens has eclipsed, was the generous president of the occasion. The Lord Chief Justice of England was a guest. The President of the Royal Academy was another. The guild of Letters and Art united to honor its most illustrious ornament, and the spectacle must have been remarkable and inspiring. There were a great many good things said; and the speech (of the guest) was especially felicitous and generous. And so with the hearty farewell of his friends and brethren, our old friend and critic sailed again for our shores."

Could Sir William Hardman possibly have believed that that was not a respectable dinner? Could he possibly have believed that Mrs. Dickens ought to have been invited? And if he did, does Professor Hudson really agree with him? Mrs. Dickens had been separated from her husband for nine years. To invite her now would have been an unforgivable insult, and only a mad-woman could have accepted such an invitation. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Dickens understood the situation perfectly, and Mark Lemon, who had represented her in the separation proceedings, did attend. She herself wrote Dickens a note, expressing her goodwill, to which he responded.

Dickens was always very careful after the separation, to avoid wounding his wife in any way. It was her own lawyers who set a restriction in the separation agreement, denying her the right to see her children at Dickens's residence, Tavistock House. Dickens struck it out, saying, "The exception seemed to me to convey an unnecessary slight upon her, and I said she shall see them [the children] there or anywhere." When the "Violated Letter" appeared in print, Dickens hastened to inform his wife that he was not a "consenting party to this publication," that it could not "possibly be more offensive to anyone in the world than to him," and that it had "shocked and distressed [him] very much." When he escaped injury in the Staplehurst wreck, Mrs. Dickens, on her part, wrote him a letter of congratulation, to which he replied, thanking her for her good wishes.

Let us, by all means, take Dickens as we find him. But let him be the Dickens of known fact and not of our own or irresponsible persons' imaginations.

EDWARD WAGENKNECHT.

Boston University,

ACCEPTING THE STORY

SIR,

The writer of the letter in your September issue says he must continue to lose his temper so long as you publish statements such as the one most fortunately obtained by the late J. W. T. Ley from the only living people who could have known anything about the matter. Why he should be so touchy it is difficult to imagine, even though he does "accept the story."

If he is old enough, he may remember another worker in the cause of history, also named Wright, who accepted the story of a liaison of William Ewart Gladstone's. Here, too, there was "a resultant son"—but one, alas! who did not "die in infancy" but, most unwisely, lived in Eastbourne. This "historian" was exemplary; he did not lose his temper when Gladstone's son applied various violent epithets to him; instead, he withdrew his allegation in open court and retired gracefully from the club from which he was expelled.

We do things better nowadays; we turn this "dreary controversy" over to "the doctors," as a preliminary (not too flattering, this, to the doctors, by the way!) to giving it "a well-earned funeral." And for this relief much thanks.

FRANK A. GIBSON.

THE WRONG TURNING

BY J. D. ANDREWS

DEAN Hole, in his *Memories*, tells a pleasant story of Charles Dickens who, on being informed that a murderer had escaped because his pursuers had taken a wrong turning, remarked sagely: "Ah, yes! When the man pursued turns to the right, and his pursuers to the left, the difficulties of capture are materially enhanced."

This, as Mr. Hannibal Chollop and Mr. Elijah Pogram would no doubt have observed, is dreadful true; and yet, in Michael Harrison's latest book,¹ which he has sub-titled "A Sentimental Journey in search of an Unvarnished Portrait," there appears to be a difficulty of much the same sort.

Mr. Harrison's erudite, instructed, carefully documented, well-illustrated, fair-minded, well-meant, horribly up-to-date and wholly maddening treatise might have been excellent if only, like poor Mr. Dick, Mr. Harrison had not been obsessed with King Charles's Head. K.C.H. defeated poor Mr. Dick; and another K.C.H. defeats poor Mr. Harrison. Its name is Ellen Lawless Ternan; and the name of this Young Person, who, according to all the biographers of Dickens during the last twenty years, played havoc with his emotions and his writing for the last thirteen years of his life, reduces Mr. Harrison also to complete absurdity every time her name comes up. She appears in the Index to this book thirty-one times; more than anyone else except Dickens himself; and I, for one, am heartily—significant this, no doubt!—sick of her, her mother, her tricks and habits, and all that is hers. Dickens had led a strenuous and useful life for 45 years before the Ternans arrived on the scene; and had written the major part of his total output. After his parting with his wife, he became less a writer than an actor; and as a writer, he was a far greater man than as an actor. It appears to me that the sooner that Miss Ternan, and the farcical near-psychological mis-deductions drawn from her influence over him are returned to the garbage-heap whence they came, the better for all concerned—and certainly for his "biographers." It will be remembered that Kipling once wrote that even Hyenas, in their search for food, did not bespatter a dead man's name—and added thoughtfully "*That is reserved for his kind*"!

Mr. Harrison is not the worst offender in this respect; but he is too heavily *Storeyed* and *Lindsayed* to avoid it altogether.

Apart from this interminable Ternanity, this book is in many ways most pleasant reading. Mr. Harrison—like Mr. Lindsay—is inclined to generalise too much and too easily, and has a most Rosa Dartleian tendency to hint; urged thereto, I think, by a Fatboyish desire to make our flesh creep. It makes my foot itch; examples occur on pages 8, 20, 27, 42, 62, 94, 110, etc., and a savage and shocking one, of which he should be ashamed and I hope is, on page 29. He should try to overcome this very real handicap; for when he is on his journey in the Dickens Country he displays a neat wit, a pretty appreciation of time and

¹ CHARLES DICKENS, by Michael Harrison. Cassell, 21s.

chance, a delight in simple things in general and certain English counties in particular, which are pleasant, attractive, and convincing; but when he strays into psychiatric fields, he seems impelled by some mysterious force to write at the direction of the celebrated tag: "That is how you should behave, Van; imply things!"

I think the fact is that Mr. Harrison has "got up" his subject with much enthusiasm, but has never really got into it; he has read, marked, learned, but failed to digest inwardly; and the result of all his very considerable effort is a book on Dickens into which the real Dickens is quite unable to break. All the same, it shows promise; and if Mr. Harrison will cast away modern psychological rubbish, and take more trouble to study Dickens himself in an understanding, rather than in a teratological spirit, he may yet produce something really good on his chosen subject.

One thing I must add. We are all getting pretty sick of the ghouls who chatter and gabble and cackle over the private lives of the great. Let them remember—or read—Rudyard Kipling's "Appeal," and be still.

" If I have given you delight
By aught that I have done,
Let me lie quiet in that night
Which shall be yours anon;
And for the little, little span
The dead are borne in mind,
Seek not to question other than
The books I leave behind.

We have had, and are having, far too much cackle over Dickens; he was a very great writer, greater by far than those of his self-appointed critics who, being totally out of their depth, splash up words in all directions and flounder about famously—or should it be infamously? Can't those who write on Dickens concentrate on the greatness—or don't they quite understand it, for rather too obvious reasons? Mr. Harrison several times suggests, in the course of this book, that all that matters is Dickens the writer. Perhaps he will let his next book be inspired by that idea. If he does, it may be a very good one indeed.

PRESENTATION AT ST. PANCRAS

At the inaugural meeting of the season the retiring President, Miss M. Piper, on behalf of the Branch, presented a handbag, scarf and a posy of flowers to the retiring Hon. Secretary, Mrs. A. Newcombe, on completing 25 years in that office. In a speech of thanks, Mrs. Newcombe, who was visibly affected, hoped that it would be possible for her to continue to attend the meetings although she would be spending considerable time out of London. She added that she retired with the conviction that St. Pancras would continue to be a flourishing Branch. Mrs. Newcombe will be greatly missed in the councils of this Branch which she has served so long, so faithfully, and so successfully.—V.W.F.

NO THOROUGHFARE BACK STAGE

BY MALCOLM MORLEY

THE pages of the Christmas Number of *All the Year Round* for 1867 were entirely occupied with *No Thoroughfare*, a story written by Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins in collaboration. Whilst at work upon the tale they also planned a play on the subject. Drama was in their minds as they penned the chapters, or parts as they were called. In sequence the headings of these ran: The Overture, Act 1, Act 2, Act 3, Act 4, and The Curtain Falls. A ground plan, as it were, of the play to be.

A few days following the appearance of the story in the Christmas Annual came the drama of *No Thoroughfare* on Boxing Night, 1867, at the Adelphi Theatre, London. The house was still under the management of Benjamin Webster who had held sway there for nearly a quarter of a century. Preceding the play was a rip-roaring farce *Up for the Cattle Show* by Harry Lemon, the son of Dickens's friend and fellow amateur-actor, Mark Lemon.

The course of events in *No Thoroughfare* was identical in both story and play; the grand climax reached in like manner. This was the struggle between Vendale and Obenreizer in a snowstorm on a mountain pass in the Alps, the good Vendale being thrown into the abyss and only rescued from the dangerous position into which he had fallen by the perilous descent of Marguerite, the devoted heroine. That snowstorm, described in the story and made visual on the stage, provided a sensational scene of true Adelphi pattern. The term "sensation scene" had lately come into vogue, its general application being to the attempted presentation of some cataclysm or upheaval of natural forces. Theatres were attempting to show outsize events in terms of their own dimensions. In *No Thoroughfare* the "sensation scene," if considerably circumscribed, was thoroughly appreciated by the audience whose enthusiasm vented itself in an individual call for the painter, Thomas Grieve, who appeared on the stage and bowed to their plaudits.

The drama commenced with a Prologue in the Foundling Hospital where comes the Veiled Lady seeking her child. Here was the touch of Dickens—always partial to orphans and foundlings. Jumping the years the play proceeded to Wilding's Counting House and from thence to Obenreizer's London apartment, decorated in Swiss style. The inspiration of this scene must surely have been the Swiss Chalet at Gadshill where Charles mused with Wilkie Collins when, together, they invented the plot of *No Thoroughfare*. Then, too, that chalet was a gift to Dickens from Charles Fechter, the actor for whom the stage piece was contrived and who was to create the character of Jules Obenreizer. After a scene at night in an Alpine inn the drama reached the mountain pass. George Vendale, on his way to Neuchâtel, unwittingly carries with him evidence of a forgery. His travelling companion is Obenreizer, a velvet-tongued villain, who stands to be incriminated should the accusing document reach its destination. What does the villain do to save his reputation? He attacks Vendale and the two men wrestle in the snow, over and over, till

the latter tumbles headlong into the ravine below. Here was the pen of Collins—revelling, one may be sure, in that life and death struggle amid the fury of the elements.

Charles Fechter was the great romantic actor of the eighteen-sixties in England. Dickens, after seeing his Hamlet, sought an

introduction to him, from which resulted an enduring friendship between them. When in management at the Lyceum the actor found a staunch ally in the novelist to whose freely proffered advice he listened, while deaf to the counsels of others. It has been said that Dickens helped to finance Fechter's venture at that theatre but positive proof of this is lacking. Certainly he helped in a literary way, his contributions being strictly anonymous at the time. The re-writing of the melodrama *Belphegor* (from *Le Paillasse* of D'Ennery and Marc Fournier) under the new title of *The Mountebank* was



Dickens and Fechter

from a contemporary print

largely, if not entirely, the work of Dickens.

Generous, highly sensitive and given to fits of ungovernable temper, always his own enemy, Fechter quarrelled with everybody except Dickens. There was some kind of spiritual sympathy between them that permitted of unbroken good will during the years of their friendship and business association. Later in his career, when Fechter, irresponsible in money affairs, sought fortune anew overseas, Dickens penned an article for the *Atlantic Monthly* by way of introducing him to the American public. The article, vivid and descriptive, was a companion piece to Fechter's acting. In it the novelist wrote:

The first quality observable in Mr. Fechter's acting is, that it is in the highest degree romantic. However elaborated in minute details, there is always a peculiar dash and vigour in it, like the fresh atmosphere of the story whereof it is part. When he is on the stage, it seems to me as though the story were transpiring before me for the first and last time. Thus there is a fervour in his lovemaking—a suffusion of his whole being with

the rapture of his passion—that sheds a glory on its object, and raises her, before the eyes of the audience, into the light in which he sees her. Picturesqueness is a quality above all others pervading Mr. Fechter's assumptions. Himself a skilled painter and sculptor, learned in the history of costume, and informing those accomplishments and that knowledge with a similar infusion of romance (for romance is inseparable from the man), he is always in the picture—a picture in its right place in the group, always in true composition with the background of the scene.

To return to the Adelphi production of *No Thoroughfare*. Before publication of the story Fechter had been furnished with the proof sheets and in his own words "fell in love with the subject." He immediately prepared a scenario which Dickens proceeded to expand into a play. The adaptation, however, was unfinished when Dickens had perforce to leave England for his second and last visit to America. Wilkie Collins undertook the task of completing it and Charles sailed expressing the wish that the piece would be running in London when he came back. Not able to be present in person at rehearsals, as he would have liked, Dickens left his son, Charles Dickens the Younger, with a watching brief on the production. The young man was given written authority to make any cuts or alterations in the text he thought fit but was told not to interfere unless absolutely necessary. If this were really the case, he was to present his credentials and assume authority on behalf of his father. Webster was tetchy at rehearsals and Fechter temperamental. They stepped on each other's toes, jumped on them in fact, with suggestions and emendations for the betterment of the play. Collins, for his part, only confused matters and there came a time when the three found it impossible to agree on anything. It was a deadlock. The play was obviously too long. What scenes then were to be cut? Disagreement was heavy in the air. To the consternation of Webster, Fechter and Collins, the younger Charles Dickens asserted himself. He produced his father's letter and, on behalf of his absent sire, set about reducing the length of the play. He took pages out of the mountain scene at one swoop. Altogether Dickens Junior reduced the acting time of *No Thoroughfare* by over an hour and a half. Such drastic slashing was a major operation upon the over-written drama, a beneficial operation in every way. That the wholesale cutting was of value to the piece showed in the verdict of approval accorded by the play-going majority. Dickens, in America, hearing of the reception wrote to his son, "It was a great relief and delight to me, for I had no confidence of its success, being reduced to the confines of despair by its length."

The cast at the Adelphi on December 26th, 1867, was a strong one; all players of proven mettle. Fechter was, of course, Obenreizer, and Manager Webster, aged 69, made one of his last stage appearances as Joey Ladle, Henry Neville, then at the beginning of his long career, was seen as George Vendale. Others were John Billington as Walter Wilding, George Belmore as Lawyer Bintry, Mrs. Alfred Mellon (*née* Sarah Woolgar) as

Mrs. Goldstraw, and Carlotta Leclercq as the ever-faithful Marguerite.

Dickens, during December of 1867, was giving his Readings in Boston and New York, going backwards and forwards between these American cities. That month the New York stage saw a spate of familiar adaptations from his novels. He wrote to England, "I can't get down Broadway for my own portrait." In Boston there was a without-your-leave version of *No Thoroughfare* produced at the Boston Museum on December 30th, only four evenings after the London production. The dramatisation was ascribed to L. R. Sherwell and F. Williams, though the text tallied largely with that of Dickens and Collins. Presumably it was obtained through an underground channel. Principals in the cast were Frank Hardenbergh as Obenreizer, Annie Clarke as Marguerite, Mrs. E. L. Davenport (Fanny Vining that was) as Mrs. Goldstraw, and William Warren, the long-term favourite comedian in the city, as Joey Ladle. The playbill in listing the happenings applied some doggerel to the Prologue:

"On Christmas Eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas Eve the Mass was sung.
A Christmas Revel, once, would cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year."

This "emendation" of the lines in Scott's *Marmion* may have been written by Sherwell, perhaps by Williams or, again, by an aspiring local poetaster. Certainly not by Charles Dickens or Wilkie Collins.

Another pirated version of the story given in the United States was performed at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, on January 6th, 1868. The title was *Identity* and the adapter Louis Lequel. There was no Prologue, no Foundling Hospital, no Doggerel Verse. The play began in Walter Wilding's Office and went forward steadily to the scene in the Swiss mountains where the violence of nature is echoed by the violence of man. Obenreizer and Marguerite were played by Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Conway, so long the managerial magnates of Brooklyn.

Meanwhile, in London *No Thoroughfare* continued its profitable career at the Adelphi. Dickens sailed from Boston on April 20th aboard the *Russia* and reached home before the piece ended its run, as was his wish. He was able to spend several nights at the theatre and, naturally, felt pleased at the reception given the play though, in his opinion, it dragged a bit in places. *No Thoroughfare* was to remain in the bill until June 20th, playing for 151 performances in all. On May 16th Fechter left the cast and Obenreizer was taken over by R. Phillips, the stage-manager. From the Adelphi the play was transplanted—lock, stock and barrel—to the Standard Theatre in Shoreditch on June 27th, 1868. The removal of complete productions from one theatre to another in this fashion marked the beginning of the touring system that later prevailed throughout the suburbs and provinces.

A French adaptation of *No Thoroughfare* under the title of *L'Abîme* was being prepared by Didier for performance at the Vaudeville Theatre in Paris. Dickens was intensely interested;

so, too, was Fechter. Together they crossed the Channel on May 30th to supervise the final rehearsals. It may be hazarded that the French actors preferred their own way of doing things, even if they did not actually resent stage-management by Dickens. Significant is the fact that neither he nor Fechter was present at the first representation given in June that year. Too nervous to attend the playhouse the pair sat in a café awaiting news of the *première*. Only on the second evening did Dickens and Fechter venture to the Vaudeville. Upon their return home they had material enough to entertain the Adelphi company with impressions and impersonations of the players performing *L'Abîme* in Paris.

A kind of second-hand piracy took place when *L'Abîme* was translated into English and given in America. This roundabout version of *No Thoroughfare* was produced at the Broadway Theatre, New York, on October 22nd, 1868. W. J. Florence, whose well-liked Captain Cuttle in *Dombey and Son* had turned his mind to further Dickens characters, played Obenreizer. It was a genial portrayal, perhaps too genial. Everything Florence did was genial. In himself a convivial soul, the actor was popular to a degree; a favourite on the stage and an even greater favourite off. The *dramatis personae* at the Broadway included J. Garden as Vendale, Emma Skerrett as Mrs. Goldstraw, and Kate Newton as Marguerite.

The last years of Fechter were spent in the United States where his tempestuous temperament was the cause of considerable friction in theatrical circles. As the result of an accident on the ice he was to break his leg and, though lamed in consequence, continued to act at intervals. Between whiles he spent his days on the farm he had purchased near Philadelphia. What seems to have been Fechter's last engagement was at the Howard Atheneum, Boston, on November 12th, 1878, where he again appeared as Obenreizer in the original stage version of *No Thoroughfare*. Associated with him were John W. Albaugh as Vendale and Gabrielle Du Saud as Marguerite. Joey Ladle was taken by Frank Hardenburgh, the actor who had been seen as Obenreizer in the dramatisation played in Boston eleven years earlier.

In London the Christmas story suggested two inconsequential burlesques. One was *No Thoroughfare beyond Highbury*, or *The Maid, the Mother and the Malicious Mountaineer*, by H. C. Hazlewood, Jr., at the Alexandra (Highbury Barn) on April 13th, 1868. The other, given at the Victoria on March 22nd, 1869, was *No Thoroughfare*, by George Grossmith, the entertainer who was later to win fame in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. The occasion was the Annual Benefit of the lessee, J. Arnold Cave, and the item was contributed by the Scribblers' Literary and Dramatic Club under the direction of "Gingham Green" who played Obenreizer. Possibly, Gingham Green was the veritable George Grossmith himself: note the same initials: G.G. And Master Walter Weedon, who figured as Joey Ladle, was surely G.G.'s younger brother Weedon, then aged sixteen.

The original Adelphi drama was revived at the Olympic on

November 13th, 1876. But the scenic glories had departed and it was given short shrift. Henry Neville took his old part of Vendale and there was a new Obenreizer in Arthur Stirling.

At the Grand Theatre, Islington, a version of *No Thoroughfare* by Oswald Brand, had its first performance on May 11th, 1903. Brand was the manager of the theatre and, in the early years of the century, he staged several of the Dickens novels. The Obenreizer at the Grand was Brand himself, and in support were Leonard Yorke as Vendale and Naomi Neilson as Marguerite. Since the Islington showing there have been no more plays of *No Thoroughfare* in or about London.

Erratum: In the article *Bleak House Scene* appearing in the Autumn Number, the dramatisation by Eliza Thorne should be recorded as *Bleak House; or, Poor Jo the Crossing Sweeper*, produced at the Alexandra Opera House, Sheffield, April 28th, 1876.

PICKWICK RESARTUS

BY WILLIAM S. LANE
Duke University, N.C.

JOHN ADOLPHUS, the noted barrister, recorded in his diary attending at the home of Richard Bentley, the publisher, on January 3rd, 1840, a dinner party at which, he says,¹ he made the acquaintance of the writer of the "wonderfully clever" legends then appearing. The two men had "a good deal of pleasant conversation." Adolphus does not record the talk, and Richard Harris Barham, author of the *Ingoldsby Legends*, did not make a diary entry for this date, but it is easy to guess at the topics that they may have discussed. Adolphus had considerable success as a criminal lawyer and was noted for his forensic powers. It was he who defended Thistlewood and the other Cato Street conspirators in 1820, and Barham, fascinated by all that took place in Bow Street, sat on the bench with his good friend Sir Richard Birnie at the first examination of those men. Adolphus in 1837 had also defended "that vile Mr. Greenacre [who] served Mrs. Brown," as "Ingoldsby" puts it in the "Lay of St. Gengulphus." Moreover, Adolphus shared Barham's interest in the theatre and had only the year before published his *Memoirs of John Bannister*. As one of Bentley's proof readers and chief literary advisers, Barham had full cognizance of the work. And since Adolphus was a conservative and anti-Jacobin, even politics was a safe subject for the two men. The basis for a sound friendship was well laid, and it quickly flourished.²

A year later Adolphus recorded his opinion of Barham in these terms: "He is remarkably agreeable, full of vivacity, free from formality; and though entirely what one must admire as the author of the 'Ingoldsby Legends,' you also feel you can respect him in his character of a clergyman of the Church of England."

Barham's account of their friendship is somewhat different³

¹ Mrs. Emily Henderson, *Recollections of the Public Career and Private Life of the Late John Adolphus* (London, 1871), p. 195.

² The friendship lasted throughout the few years left to each man. They died almost within a month to the day of each other in 1845, Barham on June 17 and Adolphus on July 16.

³ Henderson, p. 196.

He first became acquainted with Adolphus at the Literary Fund Club, he says,¹ and later they were fellow members of the Garrick Club. In 1837 when Bentley engaged Adolphus to write the life of Bannister, Barham became even better acquainted with him. Barham's judgment of his friend is less generous than that given of him. Adolphus, he wrote,² "was a man full of anecdote, but occasionally very rude, which made him, though very eloquent, also a very unpopular member at the Bar, and unquestionably prevented his rising to the highest rank in his profession." Barham also labelled Adolphus's continuation of Hume and Smollett "a book of indifferent pretensions," but in this judgment he was only following the consensus.

Barham first met Dickens through their connection with *Bentley's Miscellany*. Although he was closer to the publisher than to the editor of that periodical, he served as one of the mediators in their bitter disputes, and it is a measure of his ability in the rôle that he emerged from the protracted struggle still the good friend of each. Dickens severed his relationship with Bentley in 1839, but he continued to call on the Barhams at their home in Amen Corner, almost in the shadow of the dome of St. Paul's. There, perhaps, Adolphus first made the acquaintance of Dickens.

Adolphus's only comment on Dickens that I know is contained in his diary entry³ of July 25th, 1842:

I read "Barnaby Rudge," a novel by Charles Dickens, forming the concluding part of "Master Humphrey's Clock." Some parts of it are very good. The great hit is made in the account of Lord George Gordon's riots in 1780. That event cannot be exaggerated, and Dickens has thrown into it some very good features.

Meeting him sometimes at Barham's, I have often longed to tell him of a hit he missed in the trial "Bardell v. Pickwick." In the celebrated speech of Sergeant Buzfuz he reads Pickwick's letter:—

Garraway's, 12 o'clock.

Dear Mrs. B.,

Chops and tomata sauce,

Yours,

Pickwick.

"Gentlemen," says the learned Sergeant, "what does this mean," etc., etc. Now, here Dickens misses his triumphant point, which was this—"Gentlemen, I need not tell you that the popular name for tomato is the love-apple! It is not clear what this base deceiver meant? The outpouring of love and tender feelings implied by tomato sauce cannot be misunderstood."

In fairness to Adolphus, it should be mentioned that he was then in his seventy-fourth year. Whether he ever told Dickens about the missed "triumphant point" is not revealed. From Dickens there is no word about Adolphus.

¹ *The Garrick Club. Notices of One Hundred and Thirty Five of Its Former Members* (New York, 1896), p. 2.

² *Ibid.*, p. 2.

³ Henderson, pp. 245-246.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31ST DECEMBER, 1952.

Cr.

1951. £	EXPENDITURE.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	1951. £	INCOME.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
96	To Rent (including Insurance, Lighting and Heating) and Rates ...	96 10 0		505	By Subscriptions— Headquarters' Members ...	547 19 4	
350	" Assistant Secretary's Salary ...	£550 0 0		81	" Branches... ..	86 12 8	
275	Less Contribution by Dickens House ...	275 0 0		12	" Interest on Investment of Life Membership Fund, less tax ...	11 11 0	
45	" Printing and Stationery ...	49 11 2		10	" Interest on Loan to Dickens House ...	646 3 0	
185	" General Expenses and Postages ...	188 18 7		10	" Refund of Income Tax ...	10 0 0	
601	Less Amount charged to <i>The Dickensian</i> ...	£221 5 0		—	" Surplus on Jubilee Account ...	2 12 3	
219	Amount charged to Costume Department ...	52 0 0		—	" Functions ...	7 1 7	
26				—	" Profit on Sale of Badges... ..	30 1 10	
245		273 5 0		—		5 3 5	
356			336 14 9				
119	<i>The Dickensian</i> supplied to Headquarters' Members ...	121 13 4					
14	" <i>The Dickensian</i> supplied to Branch Secretaries	13 19 0					
31	" Meetings ...	39 12 4					
—	" Advertising ...	34 6 6					
12	" Contribution to Charitable Purposes Account	12 11 10					
4	" Depreciation of Library Pictures and Furniture	3 7 0					
82	" Balance being Excess of Income over Expenditure	138 17 4					
£618		£701 2 1	£618				£701 2 1

THE DICKENS HOUSE

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31st DECEMBER, 1952.

LIABILITIES.		ASSETS.	
1951.	£	1951.	£
The Dickens Fellowship—		Freehold Property—	
Loan	550 0 0	Nos. 48 and 49 Doughty Street, at cost	5108
Interest accrued thereon	20 0 0	Furniture and Fittings, at cost, less depreciation at 31st December, 1951	204 15 6
		Less Depreciation for Year	10 5 0
770 Current Account	570 0 0		194 10 6
237 Sundry Creditors and Accrued Charges	423 13 0	Library and Museum, at cost—	
103 Adelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift	36 8 6	As at 31st December, 1951	206 17 2
7266 Walter Dexter Memorial Fund	102 19 9	Additions during year	15 15 3
Balance—	10153 10 8		
As at 31st December, 1951	5409 1 6	Adelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift Investment—	
Add Excess of Income over		(Market Value 31st December, 1952, £100 4s. 2d.)	102 19 9
year to date	301 3 11	Walter Dexter Memorial Fund Investments—	
5409	5710 5 5	£696 2s. 4d. 2½% Consolidated Stock	500 0 0
		£1792 14s. 3½% Commonwealth of Australia	2000 0 0
		Stock	500 0 0
		£530 8s. 3½% Conversion Stock	500 0 0
		£1000 2½% Defence Bonds	1000 0 0
		£488 18s. 4% Consolidated Stock	500 0 0
		£486 16s. 4d. British Electricity 3% Guaranteed	500 0 0
		Stock 1968/73	500 0 0
		£527 13s. 4d. 3½% War Stock	500 0 0
		£600 9s. 8d. British Gas 3% Guaranteed Stock	500 0 0
		1990/95	1000 0 0
		£1218 11s. 8d. 3% Savings Bonds 1965/75	7000 0 0
		(Market Value 31st December, 1952, £6087 6s. 11d.)	2500 0 0
		Westminster Bank, Ltd. Deposit Account.	525 8 0
		Post Office Savings Bank Deposit Account	10025 8 0
			27 13 5
		71 Payments in Advance	165 18 10
		Stock of Pictures, Post Cards, etc.—	86 2 9
		44 Certified by Hon. Secretary	1083 6 6
		42 The Dickensian—Current Account	
		1492 Cash at Bank and in hand	
			£17016 17 4
		£13785	

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the books and vouchers of The Dickens House and certify it to be in accordance therewith. We have also verified the Investments.

3 York Street, Manchester 2.

MORRIS, GREGORY & CO.,
Chartered Accountants,
Hon. Auditors.

THE DICKENS HOUSE
INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31ST DECEMBER, 1952.

EXPENDITURE		1951.		1950.	
	£	s.	d.	£	s.
To General Expenses—					
Stationery and Postages	29	6	6	29	6
Petty Cash and Sundry Expenses and Cleaning	41	16	0	41	16
Telephone	8	12	3	8	12
Caretaking Expenses	78	0	0	78	0
Salary	275	0	0	275	0
	432	14	9	432	14
General and Water Rates	35	11	7	35	11
Insurances	37	4	11	37	4
Lighting and Heating	142	13	8	142	13
	648	4	11	648	4
Less Contribution from Dickens Fellowship	15	0	0	15	0
	633	4	11	633	4
Interest on Loan	...	...	...	...	...
Repairs to Building	...	...	...	...	...
Maintenance of Furniture and Fittings	...	...	...	...	...
Depreciation of Furniture and Fittings	...	...	...	...	...
Excess of Income over Expenditure carried to Balance Sheet	301	3	11	301	3
	£1059	17	8	£1059	17
	£1003			£1003	

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP PLAYERS

In order to continue the dramatic work of the Fellowship in London, a special section has been formed, open to members of Headquarters, which will be called The Dickens Fellowship Players. The subscription is 5s. per annum. It is proposed that the Players shall give plays not only to Fellowship audiences, but also to charitable organisations, which might otherwise have no knowledge of the Fellowship and its activities. Its productions will consist of plays and sketches from Dickens, plays in which he appeared, and those by his contemporaries. Members interested should write to the Hon. Sec. of the Players, Miss D. Day, 22 Avenue Road, Norbury, S.W.—J.G.

The thanks of the Fellowship are due to the following new and retiring Hon. Secretaries: Mrs. H. Hailing who succeeds Miss C. Dallimore (resigned through serious ill-health) at Cheltenham, Miss D. M. Minck who succeeds Mr. J. Douglas-Masters at Edinburgh, Mrs. A. W. Hamaker who succeeds Mrs. E. Rickard at Los Angeles, and Mrs. Walter G. Bird who succeeds Mrs. R. Martin at Palos Verdes.

A hearty welcome to Britain to Mrs. Hardiman of Brisbane.

OBITUARY

H. GERALD WADE

The death of H. Gerald Wade of Winnipeg on 17th October, in his 78th year, marks the end of an era in the history of the Winnipeg Branch of the Dickens Fellowship. For 37 years he was editor of the *Western Municipal Review*, but in addition found time to do much writing and lecturing on literary subjects, particularly Thackeray and Dickens. He was an active member of the Winnipeg Dickens Fellowship from the time he came to the city in 1907, and for more than forty years its life President. For many years his annual recital of the Carol in December was a recognised feature of the annual programme; one which was invariably well attended and drew a generous response in aid of the local Tiny Tim Fund. Mr. Wade was a charter member of the Winnipeg Pickwick Club, and had a fine collection of Dickensiana with which he delighted to entertain the members. Apart from the work of the Fellowship he took a great interest in promoting good roads in Manitoba, and the preservation of the natural beauty of the countryside.—T.C.B.B.

The Montreal Branch has suffered severely in recent months by the death of four distinguished members. Thomas M. Barrinton, a member for nearly forty years, was twice President of the Branch, and a frequent participant in its dramatic work. Douglas A. Martin, another Past President. D. Binny Robertson, Hon. Treasurer for many years, and Whitfield Aston who, though well known throughout Eastern Canada for his lecture-recitals on Dickens, worked ceaselessly until the end for the welfare of the Branch.—R.H.M.

We also regret to record the death of W. C. Wisdom, of St. Pancras and Headquarters.

WALTER T. SPENCER

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The Dickens Fellowship LONDON MEETINGS

- Mon. Dec. 7—Lecture: "G. K. Chesterton." Mrs. Maisie Sheed.
" " 14—Whist Drive. 13 Brondesbury Road, N.W.6. 7 p.m.
Tickets 3s., from the Dickens House.
Fri. Dec. 18—ELIZABETHAN CHRISTMAS REVELS. Armourers' Hall,
81 Coleman Street. 6.30 for 7.0 p.m. Tickets 15s.
from the Dickens House.
Mon. Jan. 11—Whist Drive. As above.
Tues. Jan. 19—Lecture: "Juvenile Delinquency." Basil Henriques,
C.B.E., J.P.
Tues. Feb. 9—DICKENS BIRTHDAY DINNER. Cafe Royal. Tickets
27s. 6d.
The President will be prevented from attending by
absence abroad. The principal Toast will be
proposed by Sir Norman Birkett, supported by
Mr. Richard Dimbleby. Other speakers include
Mr. Jack Simon, M.P., and Mr. W. Macqueen Pope.
Fri. Feb. 26—A Bring and Buy Sale at "Fagin's Den" (Swedenborg
Hall) at 6 p.m. to be followed by a lecture-recital,
Oliver Twist, by Mr. John Greaves. In aid of The
Field Lane Institute.

Unless otherwise stated all meetings take place at The Swedenborg
Hall, 20 Bloomsbury Way, W.C.1., at 7 p.m. Doors open at 6.30 p.m.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

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